The Outlook

NOVEMBER 7, 1923

ROOSEVELT HOUSE AND A ROOSEVELT CREED

ROOSEVELT HOUSE has been thrown open to the public as a shrine of American patriotism. This recreated birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt the country owes to the Woman's Memorial Association. The collection which it houses is the work of the Roosevelt Memorial Association. The reproduction of Roosevelt's home has been carried out with remarkable fidelity to the spirit of the original. Much of the furniture originally in the house has been given to the Association by the Roosevelt family. Adjoining and connected with the house which was the birthplace is a museum of Rooseveltiana which tells with remarkable vividness the story of Roosevelt's marvelously varied life. At the ceremony which marked the dedication of Roosevelt House there was read a tribute to Theodore Roosevelt which came from the White House. It seems to us unusually happy in phrase and feeling. We quote from the message which came from President Coolidge:

> It was no mere poetic fancy which impelled the ancient Greeks to people the firmament with their mythical heroes. A great national hero, a Washington, a Lincoln, a Roosevelt, does shine like a star to the people who come after them. In them they find light, and by them they can steer their course over uncharted and stormy seas.
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> Fourteen years ago, standing also at a birthplace which has become a National shrine, Theodore Roosevelt said of Washington and Lincoln: "There have been other men as great and other men as good; but in all the history of mankind there are no other two great men as good as these, no other two good men as great." Among the great who were also good, among the good who were also great, we may now inscribe a third name, forever memorable.
>
> The fame of other men may fear the onslaught of time, but the fame of Roosevelt need not fear it. The glory of his statesmanship may be obscured by the passage of the centuries, but the memory of the man himself will endure; for great as his achievements were, the man was even greater than the work. Such gifts as his are rare, such a combination of gifts is still more rare; and those gifts, backed by a certain elemental force, projected on the last generation a personality which holds a place which not our own Nation only but all nations reverence.

Wide World Photos

PRELUDE TO THE OFFICIAL CEREMONIES AT THE DEDICATION OF THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL

We Americans have deep cause to be grateful that sixty-five years ago to-day Theodore Roosevelt, half of the North, half of the South, and a son of the East, an adopted son of the West, came to this Nation to shape its destinies in a critical hour. Roosevelt, like Lincoln, was in a true sense a preserver of our National unity. Lincoln saved us from sectional cleavage, Roosevelt saved us from class cleavage. So swiftly at times does the true word, courageously spoken, establish itself, that to-day we have almost forgotten that there was a time when the regulation of corporations seemed to many minds unnecessarily radical. He spoke stern words where needed without fear and without favor. He pointed out the road of straight Americanism where all could walk in amity toward the same goal. We are a united Nation; we will remain a united Nation. It was Roosevelt who taught us that unjustified discontent finds no lodgment in a Nation where the discontent which is justified secures a prompt remedy.

The last sentence we have quoted from the message from President Coolidge seems to us to sum up with vividness and power the chief tenet of Roosevelt's creed of social and political justice.

THE VOICE OF THE FIGHTING MEN

DELEGATES to the Inter-Allied Veterans' Association, more generally termed the Fidac, met this year for their fourth annual Congress at Brussels. They represented more than seven million veterans of the Great War. The United States, Great Britain, France, Belgium, Rumania, Serbia, and Czechoslovakia had spokesmen at Brussels. They spoke boldly and frankly, with the avowed purpose of securing peace throughout the world. Every delegate had seen service. Most of them had been wounded, some grievously. Truly, they could qualify as "experts in suffering," as their President, M. Charles Bertrand, said.

This Veterans' Congress considered

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world problems courageously. With the Greeks and Italians, former Allies, then on the verge of war, the Fidac despatched a telegram to the Italian and Greek Governments expressing "an ardent desire that the Italo-Greek conflict . . . be settled without . . . recourse to arms." With the Washington Naval Disarmament Conference fresh in mind, the American delegates urged the necessity of a similar conference to stop the race for supremacy in the air. The French delegates brushed aside technicalities and said that undue increase of armed forces of every character should be denounced. The British complaint was that under present conditions they could not balance their Budget. "At this moment," they said, "our Budget is balanced, but if the French continue to build flying-machines at the present rate they will have 220 squadrons by 1925. We regard those planes as offensive weapons. So we have appropriated $27,500,000 extra to enlarge our air force." The Fidac Congress passed a resolution urging all who are "desirous of establishing a permanent and just peace to recommend to their respective governments the calling at the earliest possible moment of a conference to carry on the work of disarmament in naval and air forces so auspiciously inaugurated at the Washington Conference."

The Ruhr of course was a subject for debate. The veterans representing France and Belgium, as well as the spokesmen of the Little Entente, were eager for the Fidac Congress to approve in explicit terms the occupation of the Ruhr as the American Legion months before had done. But when the British were heard, the conclusion reached was that peace must be preserved, the Entente saved, and that conciliation must be exhausted and re-exhausted before a resort to arms.

The Fidac Congress launched a movement to exchange students and professors among the universities and colleges, academies, and schools of the member nations. An American delegate familiar with the Rhodes Trust scheme started the discussion with the suggestion that sons and daughters of Allied veterans be enabled to study in Allied lands. There was an immediate vote that scholarships should be established like the Rhodes scholarships in England and the Davison scholarships in America. The Boy Scout movement was lauded, the American delegates quoting with satisfaction the words of Colonel Owsley: "Were it in my power to do so, I should enroll every member of the American Legion as a Scout leader."

Specifically, the members of the Fidac affirmed their faith by urging action as follows: Secure publicity for all international agreements; govern international relations by international law based on treaties and adhered to in good faith; condemn territorial aggrandizement on the part of stronger peoples as a breeder of wars; suppress propaganda calculated to overthrow governments existing by the will of the people; oppose huge armies and demand that budgets be balanced, exchanges stabilized, and international commerce resumed; favor friendly and co-operative bureaus for the distribution of news to check destructive and insidious propaganda; establish a world court to "outlaw war;" disarm for peace as fast as possible.

The chief danger to the peace of the world lies in the fact that not all are as peaceably inclined as these men who have fought for liberty.

NOT CHARITY BUT JUSTICE

Of late years there has arisen among the great church bodies recognition of the fact that their ministers are entitled to proper provision for themselves and their families for old age, not in the way of slender ministerial relief handed out as a favor to those in actual need, but as a deserved and dignified pension. The Episcopal and Congregational Churches have moved steadily in this direction. Now the Presbyterian Church is undertaking the apparently gigantic task of raising $15,000,000 to add to its already invested funds of nearly $10,000,000 for just this purpose. The last General Assembly appointed a committee of nine laymen to act in this matter in conjunction with the existing Board of Ministerial Relief and Sustentation, of which the Rev. Dr. George Francis Greene is the President. At a recent meeting this lay committee elected Elder Will H. Hays as its chairman and will enter at once upon the practical work of the fund. Certainly they could have no more enthusiastic or efficient leader than Elder Hays.

In an address on "Justice for the Minister" made by Mr. Hays before the last General Assembly he urged the provision of adequate pensions and declared that the sum asked is modest in view of the two million Presbyterian communicants and the ten thousand Presbyterian ministers. "Religion," said he, "is the one essential industry in the world." The service of ministers needs no proof. Yet, Mr. Hays declared: "For this life of service their average material compensation is less than that paid our alien ditch-diggers. This situation, long endured, is an economic and moral crime." And of the argument that this service should not be measured in dollars and cents he replies, "Fine—but also rank cant and hypocrisy."

The slogan, if we may use the word, of the Plymouth Memorial Fund of not less than $5,000,000 which is being raised by the Congregational churches is "Not Charity but Justice," and that defines the spirit of the movement in all these funds. For the Pilgrim Fund about $4,000,000 has been actually collected and enough more has been subscribed to make its very moderate demands certain of being met. The Episcopal pension fund was fixed at $5,000,000, but after that amount had been pledged and paid in, voluntary checks continued to drop in until $2,500,000 additional was received. We wish the Presbyterian Laymen's Committee an equally pleasant experience. Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, has given in the "Atlantic Monthly" for September an extremely entertaining account of his experiences as chairman of the Episcopal Pension Committee. He has called it "An Invigorating Avocation." His tribute to the cordiality and readiness with which very gentle and undemonstrative canvassing for the fund was met half-way by liberal and sympathetic givers is refreshing and presents an agreeable side of human nature.

LEAPING CENTURIES

From England has come Sir John Martin-Harvey with a company of players. On October 25 he gave his first performance of what has been called the greatest of all stage tragedies, "Œdipus Rex," as it is known by Latin title, or "Œdipus Tyrannus," as it is more commonly known in the Latinized version of its original Greek title. More than two thousand three hundred years have passed since Sophocles wrote this masterpiece. Since that day more than the fashions, the customs, the languages of the world have changed. Beneath outward changes of form there are inner changes of thought. What men used to take for granted we no longer believe or even think of, and what we take for granted to-day those of Sophocles's age never dreamed of.

As the audience left the Century Theater on the opening performance a woman was heard to remark that it

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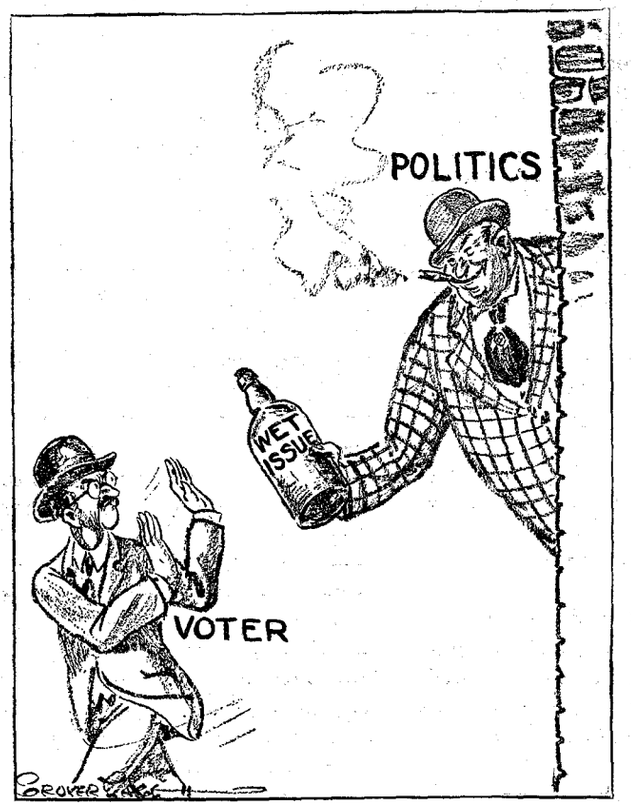
COME, LEAVE YOUR DRINKING

(2 Henry VI, Act II, Scene 3)

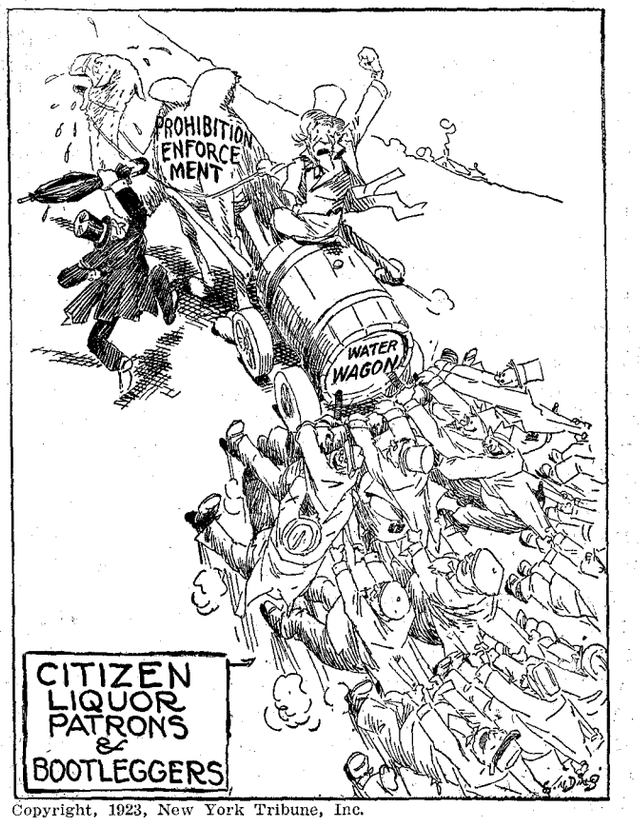
Page in the Louisville Courier-Journal



THE BOOTLEGGER

From Frances Rubel, Lebanon, Ky.

Darling in the New York Tribune



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IT'S GOING TO BE UPHILL WORK IF WE'RE ALL GOING TO DRAG OUR FEET

From J. A. MacArt, East Orange, N. J.

From the Baltimore American

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NECK AND NECK

From Mrs. Elizabeth O. Jean, Woodlawn, Md.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

SOME RACE!

From Henry M. Herdic, Williamsport, Pa.

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had been "un-Greek." Of course it was. It had to be. Just as the language had to be un-Greeked in order that an English-speaking audience might understand it, so the action had to be un-Greeked that an audience with modern eyes and modern minds might find it intelligible. To have reproduced this tragedy before an American audience as it appeared to the audience of twenty-three centuries ago would have been to misrepresent it, to have made it a grotesque thing, powerless to convey the tragedy, and therefore not Sophocles's play at all.

When the play was to begin, a distant drum-beat was heard, and then through the aisles of the theater came, first one by one, then score by score, the white-robed people of Thebes, crying and lamenting, to ascend to the stage and throw themselves before the steps of the palace of Œdipus. And at the end, when Œdipus, convinced at last that the foulness he had sought to escape has come upon him, and self-blinded, goes out to wander exiled in the mountains, it was down through the audience that he groped his way to despair. They did not do so in Sophocles's time; but then the stage manager had no need of a device to carry the audience across twenty-three centuries.

If the performance of the fourth or fifth century B.C. could be actually reproduced to-day, the modern audience would probably find in it not so much a theatrical performance as a religious ceremonial, with some features of the music drama. To make "Œdipus" appear to modern eyes to be the play that it is, and to make it credible or even intelligible, involved problems of outward form like those which Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, had to deal with in translating the play from the Greek into English rhyme.

A REVOLUTION OF THE MIND

THOUGH modern manners may seem far removed from the manners of the Greeks of Sophocles's time, our thoughts are still further removed from theirs. In the play of "Œdipus Rex" we can see in ancestral form some of the ceremonies of the Christian Church; but in the thought that lies behind the play there are assumptions concerning the world and destiny and God which strike the modern mind, even if unconscious of Christian influence, as so pagan as to be puerile. It is of course not to be supposed that all the Greeks of the fifth century B.C. shared in all their formulas the beliefs ascribed by Sophocles to the legendary people of Thebes; but it cannot be denied that the Greeks who saw this play performed were living in a world of the spirit not radically different from the world of the spirit which Sophocles pictures. No one to-day, except as an essay in the antique, would think of building a play upon the theme which Œdipus employed. That theme was not parricide and incest, though Œdipus was guilty of both, but the implacable, vengeful, malignant pursuit of a mortal by a maliciously minded, though greatly revered, god. From his childhood Œdipus has known of the fate that Apollo had in store for him—that he would kill his father and marry his mother; and in horror at the thought, he flees from his home. Everything that he can imagine he does in order to avoid this double stain. And yet by the very devices of the god whose sentence he attempts to escape he innocently becomes the scourge of his people and "a thing of God abhorred."

Sometimes the picture of God drawn in the Old Testament has been described as that of a vindictive and cruel Deity; but nothing in the Old Testament is at all comparable to this picture of God—for so Apollo is—as a Power of pure malignancy. Jehovah is never thought of as without mercy toward at least those who choose to walk in his ways. Sometimes Christian theology has been described as

From "Œdipus Rex"

"THOU SEEK'ST THIS MAN OF BLOOD: THYSELF ART HE"

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conceiving of an arbitrary and inhumane Deity, but Christian theology has never denied to God all grace. Even in the most relentless of Christian doctrines it is not God that drives men to damnation, but rather it is God who out of his great mercy chooses to save at least some men from merited perdition. To-day even these theological conceptions of an arbitrary God have become unbelievable. In the mind of the veriest agnostic such conception of God as there is pictures a God of order and law.

At the opposite pole of this Greek conception is that of a God who is a Father of his children who offers himself to save them from their sins.

In outward form we still retain the traits of a Mediterranean civilization. We have nothing in modern life corresponding to the language and the manners and the ceremonies of the Semites; but in respect to life and destiny, to the mysteries of life, and to the will and purposes of God, we think in terms at least of the Book of Job and not the tragedy of "Œdipus."

ANDREW BONAR LAW

THE death on October 30 of Andrew Bonar Law, Prime Minister of Great Britain for the six months ending last May, was not unexpected, for he was ill when he took office and consented to take the reins only on the understanding that it was more than probable that ill health might soon cause his retiral. Since then reports as to his dangerous condition have constantly grown more serious.

Bonar Law was not a great orator like Gladstone nor a facile and mercurial political leader like Lloyd George. His qualities were not sensational, but solid. As an adept in marshaling facts and statistics he had few equals. His first success in the House of Commons was in a debate on free trade, and after his very first speech he became the leading authority on that subject on his side of the House. His abilities of this kind were of great value in bringing about the settlement of Great Britain's war debt to America. He was an acceptable if not a brilliant political leader because he was fair and just, because he inspired men's confidence, and because he thoroughly understood how to handle his followers. A London correspondent of The Outlook, Mr. Frank Dilnot, comparing Bonar Law with Lloyd George at the time the former became Prime Minister, said:

> It is a curious fact that even a political genius does not necessarily make a good leader of the House of Commons, because that leader, while commanding his own party, has also in many respects to take into account the feeling of the whole House, to speak for it, to appeal to it, and in some general indefinable ways to be its mouthpiece. Mr. Bonar Law surpassed Mr. Lloyd George in this respect, surpassed even that great parliamentarian, Mr. Asquith. He had a quiet, smooth manner, he never attacked an opponent unnecessarily, he could be firm as a rock, and yet those who were opposed to him always realized in him an instinctive fairness. It is not too much to say that he was liked and honored by every member of the House.

Conservative as he was in policies as well as in party, Bonar Law could, and did, work perfectly well for the country in unison with natural opponents. Thus in the Coalition he served under Asquith and Lloyd George without dissension; he is said to have marshaled England's economic war resources as truly as Lloyd George did its military forces. Mr. Asquith once remarked: "I have for many years been engaged in giving and taking blows from Mr. Bonar Law, but they never left any rancor behind them." He was diametrically opposed to Lloyd George's programme for Irish peace, but one of the last things Lloyd George did before coming to this country was to visit the old friend who had been both his party opponent and Cabinet associate, while on being told of Bonar Law's death Lloyd George declared: "No man could wish for a more loyal, sagacious, and helpful partner in the times of emergency."

Andrew Bonar Law was both Scotch and Canadian; he was born in New Brunswick of Scotch descent, and went to Glasgow when a young boy. He retired from the iron business when not much over forty and deliberately took up his political career. It is said that he declined the Premiership in 1916 because at that time a Liberal leader could better unite for the prosecution of the war the political parties and factions than could any Conservative.

When he did become Prime Minister last year, he faced a position as difficult but not as dangerous. He had a working plurality of votes over any single body of opponents, but there was such a number of parties and semi-parties, opinions and shades of opinion, that the Commons was a difficult body to handle in parliamentary fashion. The feeling at his retiral was that he had made a competent if not a brilliant party director. If he had little personal magnetism or emotional and dramatic energy, his reputation rests secure on his simple, straightforward, dependable honesty.

STEINMETZ, ELECTRICAL WIZARD

THE phrase electrical wizard, so often applied to Charles Proteus Steinmetz, who died suddenly in Schenectady on October 26, at the age of fifty-eight, sprang from the spectacular and unique form taken by some of his experiments. His production, for instance, of "artificial lightning" was startling and seemed almost beyond the power of man. He was a wizard with figures also, as well as with electric currents, for Steinmetz was not only a great electrician, but was recognized as a great mathematician.

It was disclosed after his death that Dr. Steinmetz had all his life been indifferent about money. He left practically nothing behind him; he spent little on his personal wants; he was devoted with all his energy and mind to his passion for scientific research. Even when he was a little boy in Austria he was attracted toward the subjects he afterwards made so notably his own, and in the universities he plunged feverishly into the new developments of electric science and its application to light and power. When he came to this country, it was through the steerage; as he arrived ill, he very narrowly escaped deportation. The young electrician rapidly pushed himself into notice and appreciation and soon became the chief consulting engineer of the General Electric Company. In this work he spent the thirty ensuing years, but his strictly professional work was supplemented by an immense amount of investigation and invention.

Dr. Steinmetz was not like Edison and some other inventors, because he did not leave any specific, definite contribution to utility of such importance as to strike the mind and the imagination as, for instance, Dr. Bell did with the telephone, Edison with the phonograph, and Marconi with the wireless. His discoveries in relation to magnetism and alternating electric currents were nevertheless of real importance, and he wrote well and with erudition on mathematics and astronomy, as well as on the subjects which seemed peculiarly to occupy his activities.

Intellectually and politically Dr. Steinmetz was a Socialist, and it was that fact that drove him from Austria. In this country on at least two occasions he allowed his name to be used as a Socialist candidate for local offices. He was at one time head of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and the appreciation of his brother scientists was marked by

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many degrees and offices conferred upon him.

THE HUGHES PROPOSAL

AMERICA has not assumed to be an arbiter between France and Germany. The suggestion which Secretary Hughes made ten months ago and which the Governments of Britain and France have now agreed in principle to approve was not an offer of arbitration. Unless this is clearly understood, the peoples of the three principal nations involved—America, Britain, and France—may make it difficult for their respective Governments to carry out the plan successfully.

If this plan fails of its limited but desirable object, the consequence will be more than failure; it will be the creation of new difficulties and new obstacles.

Nothing can make failure more certain than false expectation based on a misunderstanding of the plan itself.

It is therefore highly important that neither the French nor the British should think that America is setting up herself as a judge.

There are two obvious reasons why America cannot be an arbiter in this case. First, as Secretary Hughes pointed out when he made the suggestion and has now pointed out in repeating it, America has not been asked to assume the rôle of arbiter. Second, only a neutral can be an arbiter, and on the great issue between France and Germany the American people are not, and ought not to be, neutral.

The History of the Proposal

It was on December 29, 1922, that Secretary Hughes first made public his proposal. When he made it, there was, so far as we know, and we believe we can assume so far as Secretary Hughes himself knew, no assurance that France, whose interests were chiefly involved, would either accept or reject it. As a matter of fact, France neither accepted nor definitely rejected it. The conference of Allied Premiers that was about to be held to inquire into the question of German reparations had the power to come to an agreement without calling in any such group of experts as Mr. Hughes proposed. In making his proposal Mr. Hughes based it on a condition. He said (and we italicize the significant words): *"If statesmen cannot agree,* and exigencies of public opinion make their course difficult, then there should

(C) Underwood

CHARLES P. STEINMETZ, FAMOUS ELECTRICAL ENGINEER

be called to their aid those who can point the way to a solution." It was not certain before the conference was held that statesmen could not agree.

When that conference broke up, it was with Britain in a minority of one.

Up to that time France had been making concession after concession under pressure from the British. At this point, however, France decided that further concession should not be made, and, with Britain alone openly disapproving, proceeded to occupy the Ruhr. In the intervening months the German will openly to resist has broken down, and France has arrived at a position of such independence from foreign pressure as she has not enjoyed for a long time. In response to inquiry from Great Britain addressed to the United States, France has now agreed to the appointment by the Reparation Commission of a body of experts to inquire into Germany's capacity to pay damages for the injury she did to her neighbors.

The Limited Function of These Experts

From the inquiry which the experts chosen in consequence of the Hughes proposal may make it will be harmful to expect results which are not a part of its purpose.

Certain questions, therefore, should be clearly settled in the minds of the people, as well as in the minds of the Governments, concerning the object of this inquiry.

First, will it have for its purpose or is it likely to have for its effect a revision of the Treaty of Versailles? Those who have been hoping for such revision should make up their minds that they will not find it through this body of experts, and those who have been fearing it may dismiss their fears. This body of experts will have no independent status. In his letter of October 12 to Secretary Hughes Lord Curzon mentioned as an alternative an inquiry "entrusted to the Reparation Commission or to a body elected by them." It is this alternative which the French have accepted. The inquiry will thus be under the authority of the Reparation Commission, and therefore under the authority of the Treaty.

Will the purpose of this inquiry be to find out how much Germany can be relieved from paying? Those who hope that this will be the purpose should for their own sake become disillusioned. In his letter in response to Lord Curzon Secretary Hughes made it clear that America would participate (even by suggesting an expert to be appointed by the Reparation Commission on behalf of America) in no enterprise for the relief of Germany from her obligation. The sole purpose of this inquiry should be Germany's capacity to pay.

In such an inquiry should there be any consideration of the debts which the Allies owe to America? Secretary Hughes made it clear that the consideration of debts to America can have no place in such an inquiry. If the object were to let Germany off easily, then France might well ask to be let off easily from her debts, and England from hers, and Italy from hers, and so on along the line. But that is not the object of the inquiry. It is solely to ascertain how Germany can pay, and that question is unaffected by any amount that any other country owes to America.

Does this inquiry mean the substitution of an economic for a moral view of international relations? In other words, does this mean that the settlement of European affairs is to be determined by considerations of trade rather than by considerations of national rights and national security? If any expect that as a consequence of this inquiry France will allow herself to become the political and diplomatic dependent of any other country or countries, they will be disappointed. No one in Europe values money and economic tranquillity more than the French peasant, but no one is readier to sacrifice his property as well as

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himself for the sake of what he calls liberty.

The acceptance by the French Republic of Mr. Hughes's proposal indicates no departure from her insistence upon the enforcement of her rights under the Versailles Treaty; but it also proves that she will work with other nations that recognize her rights.

The peoples of Europe must have an opportunity to cultivate their land, to build up their communities, and to live in comfort, if they are to live in peace with one another. Perhaps this commission of experts will help to show them the way. But it can do so only if those who are seeking to get some special advantage of trade or to secure release from obligations to repair injuries do not succeed in confusing the minds of the peoples of America and Europe concerning the limited and definite purpose of the inquiry.

THE BATTLE OF THE BOOKS

A RECENT newspaper list of "forthcoming volumes" fills nine long, solid columns of small type with practically nothing but titles and names of authors and publishers. And it is called "Preliminaries to the Autumn Battle of the Books"! If this be the preliminary skirmish, what will the extended battle be like? When we pick up the fall announcement list of our valued contemporary the "Publishers' Weekly," we find that its fall book index fills eighty pages, with about twenty-five hundred entries.

After this, who shall say that Americans are not a reading people? Moreover, if one had patience enough to make an intensive study of these books by subject and class he would find refutation of the prevailing idea that little is read but fiction. Publishers are as a rule liberal-minded men with a desire to encourage literature and human knowledge; yet it is a fact that they do not in the aggregate put out every fall many hundreds of non-fiction books at a monetary loss. In fact, there has been noticeable in the last few years a surprising growth in the popular interest, not only in biography and memoirs, exploration and travel (classes which have always been attractive), but in mental philosophy and religion—not, please mind, in metaphysics and theology. When works like Wells's "Outline of History" and Robinson's "Mind in the Making" and Papini's "Life of Christ" stand for month after month in the list of non-fiction best sellers, one need not fear that America is altogether frivolous.

Contrary to the usual course of external nature, the fall freshets of books are more overpowering than those of the spring. Readers, and especially readers who are also reviewers, may well gasp at seeing so many good things tumbling along in the flood. One plunges in to appropriate a treasure, and a dozen others rush by. The battle of the books, however, is not one for mutual extermination, but one of rivalry in giving pleasure. Fortunately, the book-reading season is not coincident with the book-publishing season. Now is the time for the lover of good books to mark down aspirants for his favor, and judge from what he hears and reads about them just which are of the kind to please his individual taste, to supply just that kind of entertainment he enjoys, to meet his definition of what is distinguished in literary art, or helpful for the information he wants, or educative in the right direction. It is a good time to buy books now, for the market is full and the variety marvelous—never, it would seem, more so than this very autumn; but it is also just the time to fix in mind or on memorandum the names of those books one will like to have in midwinter and midsummer when the present flood has abated.

Lists of best books or best anything are apt to be mere personal impressions. One maker of a list of best ten books says that he made two lists—the second for second-best—and finally concluded to make the second list first and the first second. "Just for fun," however, as the boys say, the writer is going to name (loosely picked from the enormous lists before him) the twenty new best books he hasn't read but means to read "because"—

In fiction: Hugh Walpole's "Jeremy and Hamlet" because he liked the little boy Jeremy so much that he wants to know more about him, and because he suspects, but doesn't know, that Hamlet must be a good dog; Mary Johnston's "Croatan" because he is told she returns to her early and fetching way of writing a historical novel; Joseph Conrad's "The Rover" because it *is* Joseph Conrad's; Jay W. Hudson's "Nowhere Else in the World" because his other book, "Abbé Pierre," had distinction and charm and human feeling in it; "My Fair Lady," by Louis Hémon, author of "Maria Chapdelaine," for precisely the same reason just given for Mr. Hudson's story; Willa Cather's "The Lost Lady" in hope that it will be as good as her best, which is saying a good deal—oh! and a lot of others for equally good reasons.

He is *not* going to read Mr. Norris's "Bread" nor Brand Whitlock's "J. Hardin & Son" nor Mrs. Delafield's "Reversion to Type" nor Margaret Widdemer's "Graven Image" nor Alexander Black's "Jo Ellen" nor Mrs. Watts's "Luther Nichols" nor Mr. Rideout's "Barbry," nor several other of the stories announced among the fall novels—simply because he has read them and recognizes the fact that those named are all mighty well worth reading and that some of those not named just aren't.

In biography: There are at least fifteen unread books in these lists he would like to read. He means to read Lord Charnwood's "Roosevelt" because he was so much interested in Mr. Lawrence Abbott's talk about it in The Outlook last week; Maud Howe Elliott's "Three Generations" in the hope that it will be as charmingly personal and reminiscent as was Kate Douglas Wiggin's "My Garden of Memory," just read with thorough enjoyment; Mrs. George Trevelyan's book about Mrs. Humphry Ward because all the Trevelyans write entertainingly; Dr. Parkhurst's "My Forty Years in New York" because it is bound to have spirited accounts of lively civic and social victories; Norval Richardson's "My Diplomatic Education" because he has turned the pages over and it looks interesting; Henry Robinson's "Memories, Wise and Otherwise" for precisely the same reason; Michael Pupin's "From Immigrant to Inventor" because it must be the life story of a remarkable personality as well as a brilliant scientist.

In travel: H. A. Franck's "Wandering in Northern China" because Franck is the prince of nomad writers and takes you with him in his travels; Lieutenant-Colonel Cloman's "Myself and a Few Moros" because the Moros are making trouble just now and because some of this in serial publication made good reading; Commander Wild's "Shackleton's Last Voyage" because that voyage was one of the world's greatest dramas of exploration and this is from a new point of view.

Essays and so on: Bliss Perry's "The Praise of Folly," because it is sure to be written with literary distinction and with fine flavor; William Lyon Phelps's "As I Like It," hoping that the book will be as lively and colorful as the bits of it one has read in "Scribner's Magazine;" Chesterton's "Fancies Versus Fads" because it is likely to give mental gymnastics and good fun also; Christopher Ward's "The Triumph of the Nut" because it is said to be capital parody.

To carry the list further on into other departments of literature would be tiresome. If one should read a

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quarter of the new books that one all but knows will be worth while before one opens the volumes, there would be abundance of enjoyment but not much time for anything else.

R. D. T.

FROM ALFRED THE GREAT TO LLOYD GEORGE

BY LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT
CONTRIBUTING EDITOR OF THE OUTLOOK

FEW American readers, I imagine, will care to pay sixteen dollars for two volumes of four hundred pages each made up of personal sketches and estimates of the Prime Ministers who have governed England from the time of Alfred the Great to Lloyd George, a period of a thousand years. But amateurs of historical reading who do venture to buy the two unique and clever books by the Hon. Clive Bigham, the titles of which are given in the foot-note below,[1] and which constitute a new kind of history of England, might go further in expenditure and fare worse. I have deliberately applied the adjective unique to Colonel Bigham's work because he has conceived a wholly original plan of writing English history, unless my knowledge of historical literature is too limited to warrant such a pronouncement.

He unrolls the panorama of the most continuous and harmonious development of national civilization that perhaps the world has ever known by displaying its social and political characteristics through the portraits of its great ministers of state.

The work falls naturally in two volumes, one entitled "The Chief Ministers of England" and the other "The Prime Ministers of England," because for the eight hundred years from Alfred to William the Third the Kings of England ruled by sovereign power or "divine right." They chose and appointed their prime ministers without any consultation with the popular will and without much regard to the popular choice. On the firm establishment of parliamentary or party government during the reigns of George I and George II the real Premier or Premier Minister or Prime Minister came into being. The first Chief Minister of England was Dunstan; the first Prime Minister was Walpole. Colonel Bigham thus describes the evolution of the governing minister of state in England:

> Kings, since they first reigned, have taken ministers to help them. The camp, the chase, the banquet, and the bower claimed most of their days, and neither instinct nor training fitted them for the conduct of affairs or the detail of government. At first those on whom they devolved their business were men of their own free choice, and in the East climate and temperament have maintained this custom, and there the vizier still flourishes. But in the colder regions of the West another breed and another creed led to another system. . . . In England the early kings were as a rule cautious. . . . Ministers there always were, though it was only now and again that one of them became supreme. But if the prince was weak, or if he was often abroad, it was sometimes safer to commit the care of the realm to one individual rather than to several—a viceroy was better than a committee—and when the holder of such a charge was a man of mark, when he enjoyed in a special degree and for a considerable period the Sovereign's favor, then he overtopped his colleagues and became a Chief Minister.
>
> Insensibly the custom of having such an officer grew, and by the time that the nation was a conscious whole the idea of having one particular statesman bearing the principal burden of government and wielding the principal power was already understood. Nearly always he was the friend of the king, rarely the champion of the people. His duties were arduous, his tenure insecure, his favor fleeting, his fate hazardous. Officially his post was never recognized nor were his privileges defined, though his penalties were only too well known. To run such risks required great rewards, and while few Chief Ministers abjured rank and riches, many met with an unhappy end. Yet they went on increasing in frequency, gradually forming a tradition which influenced those who worked with and those who came after them. At last they became a regular feature of the government until they were replaced by the modern Premiers.

This passage not only affords an illustration of the nervous and vivid style of the author, but, taken in connection with the sixty or more biographical portraits of the Chief and Prime Ministers of England which he gives in his two volumes, it produces upon the reader a profound impression of the continuous, evolutionary principle which has made out of the little English kingdom of Alfred the Great the world-wide British Empire of to-day. Unheralded as these two beautifully printed and illustrated volumes have been in this country, the more I turn their pages, the more I am convinced that they will give the ordinary lay reader a comprehension of the foundations and structure of the government which the English people have builded for themselves that he can get otherwise only by years of study of the pages of Hume and Macaulay and Stubbs and Freeman and Froude and Green.

Within the limits of a newspaper article it is of course impossible to give a synopsis of such a book as Colonel Bigham's, especially when that book is itself a synopsis of a thousand years of history. I can only jot down casually and unconnectedly some of the detached points that have aroused my special interest.

In the first place, the author interests me. Although he has literary skill of a high order and has, as the bibliographies printed with the volumes indicate, read widely and wisely, he is not a man of letters by profession. He is a soldier. A son of Viscount Mersey, he went to Eton and the Military Academy at Sandhurst, became an officer of the Grenadier Guards, served as a diplomatic secretary, was a special correspondent of the London "Times" in the Greco-Turkish War of 1897, and attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel, with medals and decorations for distinguished service, in the World War. His father, the first of the family to be elevated to the peerage, was a barrister, Queen's Counsel, and a judge. His grandfather was a Liverpool merchant, and the river on which that great commercial city stands gives the family its present titular name. Doubtless from his father he inherits his interest in the constitutional structure of England and from his grandfather his understanding of its industrial life. It may not be patriotic to say so, but it is nevertheless a fact that young men of position and wealth in England do more serious and worth-while historical and biographical writing than young Americans of similar breeding. Our young university graduates, if they do not go into banking or bond selling, are apt to write "best sellers" or scenarios for the movies or stories for the "Saturday Evening Post." One young penniless American "swell" was recently reported to have taken up taxi-driving as a career. With a few honorable exceptions like Theodore Roosevelt, Gamaliel Bradford, James Ford Rhodes, Owen Wister, Senator Beveridge, and the late William Roscoe

[1] The Chief Ministers of England; 920 to 1720. By the Hon. Clive Bigham. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1 vol., pp. 408. $8.
The Prime Ministers of England; 1721 to 1921. By the Hon. Clive Bigham. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 1 vol., pp. 360. $8.

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Thayer, we leave our best biographies of American historical figures to be written by Englishmen.

In the second place, in reading Colonel Bigham's delightful portrait studies I am struck with the fact that kings and ministers and plain republicans are very much alike in some of their human qualities. Shakespeare has, I believe, expressed this truth much better than I can. Dunstan, the first of England's great ministers, had not only to perform political functions but to exercise some corrective restraint upon his King: "The new King, Edwy, was a weak and dissolute youth, and at his coronation feast an incident occurred the rights of which are not clearly known. The King had left his nobles and retired to an inner chamber to pass the time, probably injudiciously, with two ladies variously described as his wife, his mistress, and his mother-in-law. The thanes took offense at this desertion, and Dunstan, as a bold man, was given the task of recalling Edwy to the banquet. By force rather than persuasion the abbot fulfilled his mission; 'blaming the women's folly, with his own hand he dragged up the unwilling King from the harlot's couch and, placing the crown on his head, led him out.' But his success cost him his place, and he had to flee the country, barely escaping the messengers who were sent to blind him."

It certainly was a happy thought to describe such kingly pleasures as being indulged in "probably injudiciously."

Roger of Salisbury, who served his country for nearly forty years, was one of the great ministers of early England. He came from the common people and was ill educated, but attained his commanding position, as was not unusual in those days, through the priesthood. One day when Henry, the brother of William Rufus, was riding through Normandy with his small and poverty-stricken retinue, he turned aside into a small chapel, of which Roger was the priest, to hear mass. Roger performed the service so quickly—a good example for long-winded preachers—that Henry thought him just the chaplain for a soldier and invited him to follow in his train, an invitation which the young priest willingly accepted. When the prince succeeded to the throne as Henry I of England, he made Roger his Chief Minister. This first of rail-splitters to become a government leader was able, says Colonel Bigham, "to institute a science of government, much of which has descended to the present day; he built up an administrative system, reorganized the exchequer, and laid the basis of the chancery and common law jurisdiction; it was a constructive work of the very first importance, and could only have been accomplished by a statesman of unchallenged power and broad vision."

Thus I learn that some of England's rulers have from the very beginning risen, like Lincoln, from the ranks of the plain people, although in later years thirty-three of England's thirty-six Prime Ministers have been of gentle birth and have had a university or college education—indeed, thirty of them have been graduates of either Oxford or Cambridge. Clarendon, the famous Minister of Charles II, although some of his blood was certainly of the common variety, and although he was often ridiculed by the Court, was a graduate of Oxford and became one of the great historians of England.

From Colonel Bigham I learn, too, that Lord Brougham reports a speech of Lord Chatham made in the House of Lords during the American Revolution, after he had ceased to be Prime Minister, in which he said: "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never! never! never!"

This eloquent denunciation of the policy of George III and his Cabinet towards the American colonies naturally suggests Lord North, the *bête noire* not only of American patriots but of American declamatory schoolboys. I had always supposed that Lord North was a stern-visaged, sour-tempered, solemn-minded, pig-headed opponent of liberty. But I am quite drawn to him by the portrait which Colonel Bigham paints. He quotes Burke, a pro-American, as saying of Lord North that he was "a man of admirable parts, of general knowledge, of a versatile understanding, fitted for all sorts of business, of infinite wit and pleasantry, of a delightful temper, and with a mind most disinterested." His pleasantry is revealed in an anecdote related by Colonel Bigham: "He was much inclined to somnolence, or to the appearance of somnolence, on the Treasury Bench. On one occasion an opponent who was belaboring him with invective was so enraged at this that he exclaimed: 'Even now, in the midst of these perils, the noble Lord is asleep.' Without opening his eyes North said wearily, 'I wish to God I was!'" Lord North was manifestly more human than many of our Revolutionary forefathers thought he was.

I hope that in this somewhat superficial survey of Colonel Bigham's two volumes I may bring them to the attention of American readers who, like myself, enjoy taking their history in biographical doses.

LLOYD GEORGE'S CONQUEST OF AMERICA

BY STANLEY HIGH

IT was in Birmingham in 1900. Lloyd George had just returned from Canada—his first visit to the American continent. He was a young and rather obscure member of Parliament then. His coming to Montreal evoked no enthusiasm. A Montreal newspaper correspondent told me, in fact, that preparatory to his present visit they had searched in vain through their files to discover any reference, however obscure, to his previous trip. And Lloyd George himself, telling of that first visit, related that when he went sightseeing in those pre-limelight days it was via the tram, unaccompanied by photographers and reporters intent to record his every word and grimace.

In 1899 the Boer War came on, and Lloyd George returned post-haste to England. He opposed the Boer War—opposed it as a bit of inexcusable aggression. And, in the fashion that has characterized him ever since, he carried the fight to Birmingham, whose native son "Joe" Chamberlain was one of the chief exponents of the policy that made the war inevitable. In a great hall there Lloyd George openly declared his opposition. He was hooted as a traitor. The mob descended upon him. He, with his Welsh agility of brain and muscle, eluded the crowd and slipped into a side-room, from the window of which he listened to bloodthirsty Birminghamians crying out for his head. Later, protected by a goodly escort of policemen, harbinger of these days in America, when he never goes forth without a squadron of motor-cycle police, he made his escape.

But after Birmingham "L. G." traveled no more by tram. That is,

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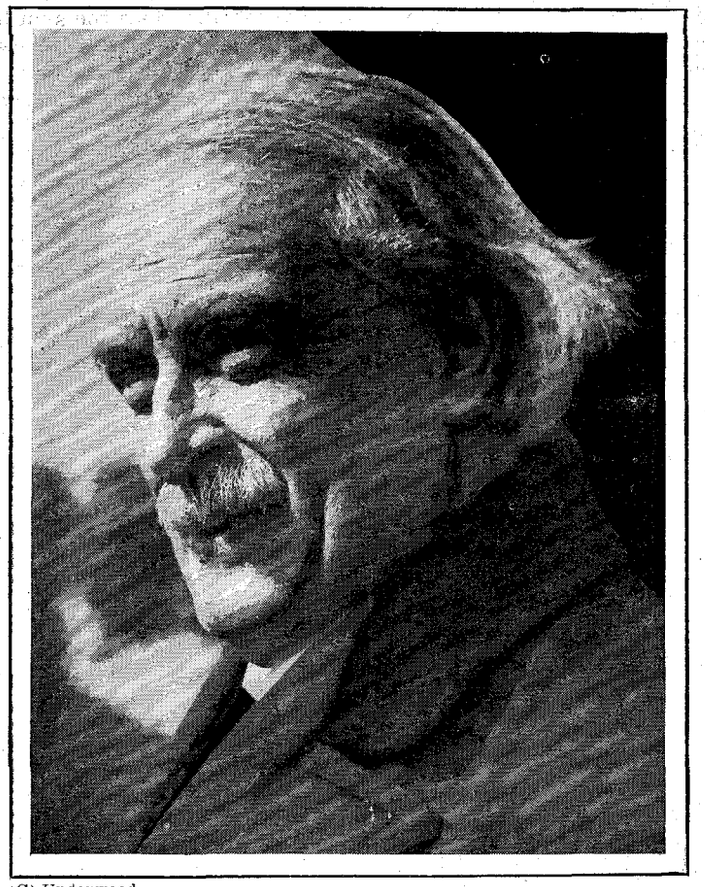
if he rode by tram it was thenceforth on the "top side" and in the sight of everybody. He was no longer good-naturedly dismissed as a young Welshman of more than passing brilliance. Up and down England he was "that damned 'Little Englander.'"

A good bit of water has flowed beneath the world's bridges since then, "and a good bit of blood," as Lloyd George recently remarked. But the little Welshman, so he declares, is still the Lloyd George of the Birmingham address. Some people remarked when I set out to cover his American tour that they hoped when I returned that I would have an honest opinion of this most-talked-of Briton to aid them in their own judgment of him. Well, though one may come to curse, one stays to pray if thrown into constant association with him. To see him and talk to him day after day is to believe that he is England's greatest commoner; that he is still a democrat of democrats; that heart and soul he is devoted to the cause of the common people, however much since 1900 his so-called radicalism has been tempered by the caution of age and responsibility.

I have made some effort during the past weeks to get at the basis of this faith in folks which marks Lloyd George so distinctly. It is hardly, I believe, wholly a product of his experience. Folks in general and his own in particular have given him some rather bad turns, despite his long lease of power. Talk to a member of the British Labor Party about Lloyd George, and one will find evidence of that. No one, not even the Labor politicians themselves, has done so much for the working classes of England as Lloyd George. His workmen's compensation and insurance measures were put through in 1911 in the face of the solid opposition of most of the Cabinet. His attitude toward a German settlement and toward Russia has been to a marked extent the sentiment of labor. Yet Labor politicians pound him roundly at every chance. In fact, there is no one in all of Britain, probably, whom they more frequently pummel. He refuses to go the full route with them, so they refuse to travel with him any of the way.

No, his faith in folks is part and parcel with his religion, with his religious mysticism. Some one, seeking after human interest touches to enlighten a rather weighty interview on world affairs, asked him the other day: "What is it, Mr. Lloyd George, that is at the basis of your unfailing optimism?" We had been discussing the European situation, in which there is little enough of encouragement. He reflected a moment. "Well," he said, "I'm afraid I am one of those old-fashioned folks who believe that man was made in the image of God. Believing that, I have reason for my faith that human kind, some way, will carry through."



(C) Underwood

DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

That reflects exactly, I believe, the Lloyd George point of view. He was once, in the old Wales days, a local preacher, and in politics he is much of a preacher still. He seldom speaks without frequent Biblical allusions—allusions not of a casual, second-hand familiarity, but of one who knows whereof he speaks. For four years he stood at the center of history's hottest fight. He carried on his shoulders a more than human load. Two things, he declares, helped him to see it through. "First of these was the Bible. To read it, I found, was to restore one's confidence and strength. The second was the old Welsh hymns. When the burdens of my office were almost too heavy to bear, I found that these old songs were an unfailing support."

And one who was close to him through those days told me: "I've seen him, with his family, leave No. 10 Downing Street, climb aboard his special car, and, *en route* to the country, lead all of us in a regular old-fashioned service of song. He was a boy for the moment. And, for the moment, the cares of his position slipped from him with the songs he sang." It is this sympathy of heart, this mysticism of the Lincoln type, that made, and keeps, Lloyd George a believer in the common people.

And it is in their interest that he has come to America. He believes that they want peace—the people of the world. He believes that once they know the facts they will have peace. And, though he says he has come to America to learn and with no message, he has nevertheless turned crusader for the cause of peace. America has received him with a welcome, a whooping Western welcome, such as has been accorded to no other foreigner. Everywhere on this trip I have heard the remark, "He reminds me of Roosevelt;" and it is, I believe, his Rooseveltian qualities, dedicated to Rooseveltian principles, which he puts across in a Rooseveltian manner, that has won the popular imagination. Whether his programme will be as popular as his personality is of course another question.

Briefly his programme for world peace is this: First, Anglo-American unity. This, he would make plain, is not a matter of entangling alliances. Of these he would, of all things else, keep clear. But Anglo-American unity can be a factor for peace, the decisive factor, without alliances in black and white, signed and attested by all the governmental bodies concerned. Let there be merely a diplomatic understanding between the United States and the British Empire that when peace is threatened will make it possible for these two Powers to take counsel together as to the best means which, jointly, they can take to preserve it.

Take the recent Corfu flare-up, for instance. According to the Lloyd

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George proposition, Great Britain and the United States, since rather obviously both stood together on that issue, would determine upon a common course of action and inform Italy that the two nations stood together for peace.

This may sound fantastic. But it is not, Lloyd George maintains, provided the peoples of Great Britain and the United States understand the possibilities involved in such an affair. Once these possibilities are made clear, such drastic steps, he believes, would receive support. And, supported by these two English-speaking peoples, as Lloyd George himself declares, "no combination would dare stand against such a union. It would be unnecessary to fire a single gun, or even, I believe, to exert economic pressure. For statesmen bent on plunder have one eye on the loot and the other on the United States and Great Britain. If those two Powers stood together, Europe's antagonistic politicians would agree to sit, in sanity, about the same table and work out their own salvation co-operatively.

That is his first, and fundamental, proposition. The second is more particular. It involves indorsement and application of the proposal made by Secretary of State Hughes last January, to appoint a fact-finding commission of business experts to determine Germany's capacity to pay. "This," Lloyd George says, "is sane and businesslike. You can never examine ledgers with bayonets. Neither is revolution the road to reparations. Let the facts of Germany's ability to pay be discovered and, once the sum has been justly fixed, the Allies will march together to compel her to pay it." Since reparations, more than any other single problem, barricades the highway to peace in Europe, Lloyd George believes this to be the most practical, immediate step toward settlement.

As to his position in England one prophecy perhaps is as good as another. If the fact-finding commission should be accepted by the Allies following his trip here, it is quite likely that he might return soon to power. Lloyd George, as British statesmen go, is still a young man. He was Great Britain's man of yesterday. There are many who believe him to be Great Britain's man of to-morrow. It is noteworthy, at least, that editorial comment on his visit has referred quite as much to his future as to the actual achievements already credited to him. And the introductory addresses, most of them long and flowery, to which he has been obliged to listen before his frequent speeches have revealed the same emphasis upon his capacity for leadership in the midst of a disorganized world that sadly lacks for leaders.

At any rate, through Canada and the United States, where he has gone, Lloyd George has left behind him a captivated public. In Chicago there were 100,000 applications for the 10,000 available seats. In Springfield 2,000 people sought admission to the dinner, at which only 400 could be accommodated. In St. Louis 14,000 appealed for the 900 tickets that were issued. And, although frock coats and perilously perched top hats have featured conspicuously in his welcome, his greatest reception has been from the common folks—from those who revere most the memory of Abraham Lincoln. He has been acclaimed by every one, but most of all by the "average American" who eats lunch between twelve o'clock and one and travels by electric.

Statesmen, irreconcilable and die-hard though they may have been, have succumbed ere now to the charm of his personality. It is not strange, therefore, that he has made protagonists for himself and for old England. Aside from the policies for which he stands, whether they be right or wrong, those of us who have sat with him day after day have fallen under the spell of the man. We have listened to him speak night after night; long, prepared addresses and short sketches, talks about hymns and Welsh legends and the wiles of politicians. We have learned to watch for the merry twinkle of his eyes and for his shy sidelong glances at Dame Margaret or Miss Megan. We have seen him forget every one around him, his head thrown back, his glasses held in his outstretched hand, lost in other days, when he heard "The Men of Harlech." So we have come under his spell. Perhaps we are gullible. But friendship, after all, demands some measure of gullibility. And one could well risk the peril, I believe, to be numbered with the friends of D. Lloyd George.

THE OKLAHOMA REGICIDES ACT

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM OKLAHOMA CITY BY STANLEY FROST

This is the first of four articles telling the story of the battle for the control of Oklahoma. These articles are the result of a first-hand investigation carried on at the request of The Outlook. Stanley Frost has an amazing and dramatic tale to tell of a State which has been corrupt but discontented

LESS than ten months ago Jack Walton, idol of the people, Governor of Oklahoma by the biggest majority it had ever given, stood at the $300,000 barbecue given in honor of his inauguration and heard the rejoicing farmers shout, "Walton for Senator!" and later, "Jazz Band Jack for President." Two months ago his slashing attack on the Ku Klux Klan made him a National figure and his dreams became almost possible.

But to-day there was read from the same platform where he took his oath the most terrific indictment ever brought against the head of an American State. Through twenty-two long counts the clerk droned out charges of corruption, lawlessness, despotic abuse of power, gross betrayal of every trust. With his reading, so far as human mind can see, died the last vestige of Jack Walton's delusions of grandeur. More—a grand jury was at that very hour considering criminal charges, and the possibility is very real that a steel door will clang shut on the career of the people's leader.

This is in the future. The impeachment will take weeks, and the criminal proceedings—if they are brought—months. What was clear to-day was that the would-be king is dead. As the grave charges were read his supporters fell from him one by one, for the indictment goes even beyond the worst reports. At its close his strongest friend arose and declared that if the charges were proved—even a part of them—he would himself vote for the impeachment. Whether he meant it or not, he had to say it!

"Huh!" grunted the floor leader a little later; "give us time, and we'll prove all those and as many more. This is just the first run of oil. There's only one thing we can't prove flat. That is the school fund bribe. We traced that money up to his office door, and out the other door into his bank. All we can't prove is how it got from his door into his bank."

There are few who believe that the charges will have to be proved. Though

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Walton steadily declares that he will not resign, most politicians even among his friends expect that he will. But he will probably wait till the last possible moment. His pardon mill was still running full blast on the second floor of the Capitol while the Legislature sat on the fourth. Except that he is surrounded by more gunmen than ever and is keeping more and more in seclusion, he shows no sign of being on the defensive.

The impeachment will end a period of demagoguery and corruption extending over many years such as has seldom been seen. By comparison Tammany stands out a very saint. Regardless of the truth of the detailed charges, it is a fact that Oklahoma has suffered for years, and increasingly, from politics which won financial support by secret deals with corrupt business and success at the polls by wild promises to class interest, but which betrayed both and prostituted the whole Government to the uttermost fulfillment of the spoils idea. The impeachment is a revolt; its ultimate value to the State will depend upon how well it has taught the voters to look at the man behind the promises.

Walton has succeeded for the first time in uniting the whole of the better element against him as well as the Ku Klux Klan. He had a real issue in the Klan; a better man, or even a saner one, might have ridden it far. But the blots on his record prevented confidence and his methods violated every fundamental of Anglo-Saxon political principle. The Klan issue is not dead, but for the time the State has decided that it can endure the Klan better than such a Governor. When he is out of the way, there can be a new alignment and a further clearing of the air; but the charges themselves prove to the last doubter that the present issue is Walton, and nothing else.

There was no need to prove that issue to Oklahomans, however. They had met it squarely three weeks ago, when in the very spirit of Lexington and Concord the State's most solid citizens said their family prayers, then buckled on weapons not used since Indian days, and went solemnly to the polls, defying Walton and all his armed men to interfere with their most fundamental right. Whatever the outcome of the impeachment may be, Walton's sentence was written that day.

The impeachment was as solemn as it could be made; perhaps more solemn in that it was a sort of family affair. Wives and daughters of the members crowded around their desks. Even the Speaker's wife was close beside the platform, and half a dozen times he slipped from his chair for a few words with her. The galleries were filled,

Alley in the Memphis Commercial Appeal

ALL SET FOR THE BIG SHOW

From R. V. Ellise, Sikeston, Missouri

too, with Oklahoma's vivid mixture of women in Paris gowns and leather-faced men carrying "four quart" Stetsons. But with all this there was not once a murmur. No court could have been more decorous.

But the Klan was heard from. Before the impeachment was read a member presented a letter, signed by "The Klan of Coalgate," which warned him to get in line, clumsily offered him $1,000 if he did, and threatened him that if he showed the letter he would be "waited on by some of us." There will be considerable effort to run down the writer of that letter, since not all of the legislators are convinced that it is of Klan authorship. Oklahoma knows something of the art of the frame-up.

THE SOLEMN CHARGES

Then came the impeachment. "J. C. Walton," it began, "took and subscribed the following oath," and there followed the orotund and solemn pledges of the oath of office. After it the charges, each preceded by the formula, "Unmindful of the high duties of his office and of his oath of office," and ending, "Whereby the said J. C. Walton was guilty of willful neglect of duty, incompetency, corruption in office, and of an offense involving moral turpitude."

The twenty-two charges ran all the way from simple malfeasance to despotism and tyranny. It was charged that Walton had given special commissions as peace officers to criminals, bootleggers, and irresponsible persons (his gunmen); that he refused to permit the execution of murderers, and thus encouraged lawlessness; that he permitted his friends to sell pardons and paroles to the most desperate criminals; and that he was generally incompetent. It was charged, further, that he had appointed a man as judge in reward for services in the Legislature; that he had appointed scores of his supporters to well-paid but useless places without legal warrant; that he had sworn to a false statement of campaign expenses after spending thousands more than legally allowed, and had taken office knowing that he had no right to it.

Six separate charges of personal graft were made. They were that he paid his private chauffeur from the Public Health funds; that he had financed the purchase of a $48,000 residence through a millionaire whose property and income taxes the Governor could largely control; that he had accepted a bribe of $6,000 not to veto appropriations for a school the closing of which would have ruined the town of Tonkawa; that he had issued "deficiency certificates" for $14,000 in two cases where there was no need; and finally, that he had practically forced contributions, using his appointed officials as agents, from men and corporations having business with the Governor's office—most of them involving taxes which he could "equalize" either way.

Nine charges involve tyranny and despotism, growing out of his fight on the Klan and his later efforts to stave off impeachment. Five were for declarations of martial law, "well knowing that no state of insurrection or rebellion existed." One was for establishing censorship over hostile papers; one for using militia to prevent the assembling of the Legislature; one for preventing, by the use of troops, the meeting of a grand jury called to investigate his record. Chief of all was one for using militia and gunmen in his partially successful attempt to prevent the special election which repudiated him so conclusively and called the present Legislature into session.

These last charges are of peculiar interest. It is generations since an executive in any Anglo-Saxon country has dared provoke them. Graft and corruption have been sadly common and are usually endured, but the history of the United States gives no record of so determined an effort to suppress the legislative branch of the government and prevent popular franchise. The result will remind skeptics that there is vitality in popular government and where the real power lies. Perhaps Walton might have been saved if he had remembered that the original function and historic purpose of Legislatures was to curb kings and would-be kings, and that they have usually succeeded and have always had the people behind them.

Oklahoma City, October 22, 1923.

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SUN PICTURES IN SUNNY LANDS

FIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERTRUDE LOWY

This holiday group in Seville, Spain, was photographed during the Feria, or Fair, that follows the Easter celebrations. This Fair brings together, besides many of the well-to-do residents of Seville, a motley group of peasants, Gypsies, and pleasure-seekers of the humbler sort, who are entertained not only by exhibitions of horsemanship (for this is primarily a horse and cattle fair) but by dancing, shows of various kinds, and general merrymaking which gives the young men and women an unwonted opportunity for acquaintance which often ends in betrothal. The photographer happened to notice this group of girls with their mother (who stands in the background holding a sunshade) and asked them to pose for her. The smiles, she says, were unsolicited by her, but simply reflect the cheerfulness of Fair Day. The mother's face did not seem to share her children's joy, but possibly the younger generation, even in Spain, is sometimes a tribulation to its elders

IT isn't every traveler who can bring back from abroad such a group of photographs as we publish on this and the succeeding pages. If all tourists did bring back such pictures, it would be a bad blow for the post-card business, and our friends' albums would be rather more worth while than some of them are at present. Just because photography has been so simplified for the amateur that it takes only the press of a button to get a picture, too many people have ignored the fascinating possibilities to be secured from a careful study of the value of light, shadow, and form. The art of taking pictures is simple indeed, but there are no limits to its possibilities

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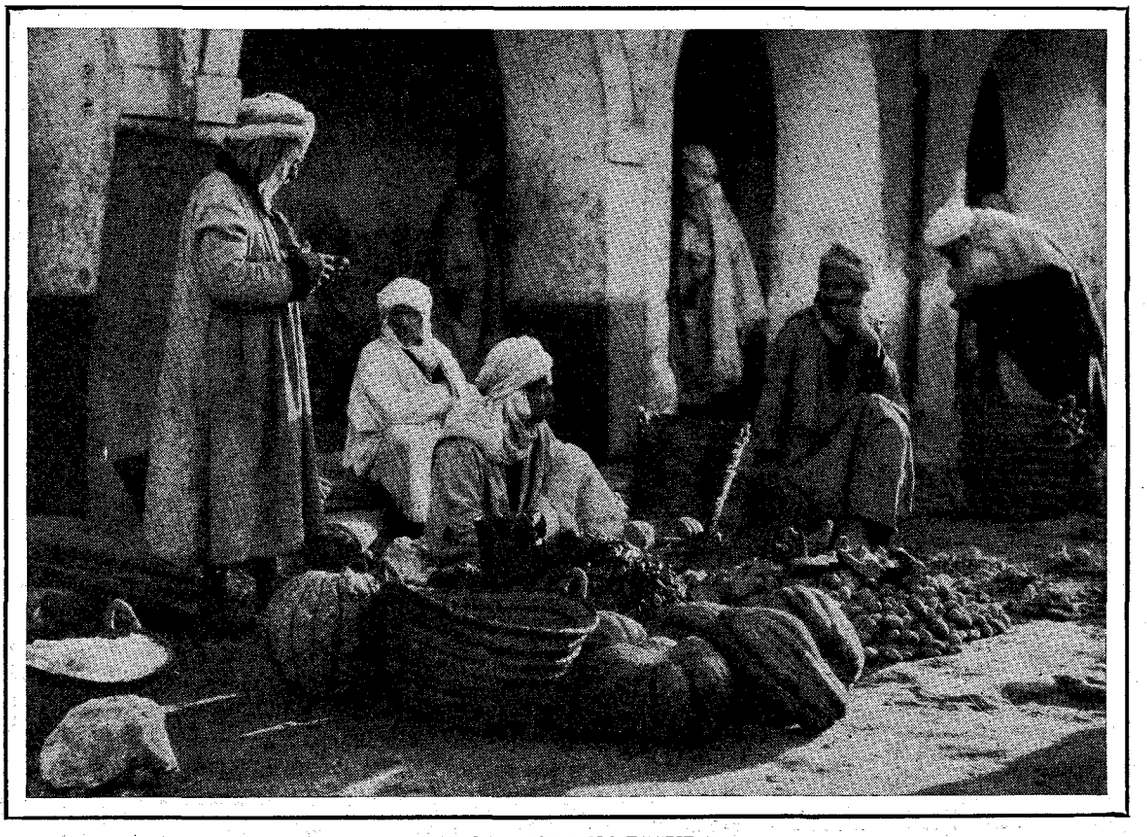
A STREET IN BISKRA

Biskra is a small town, with both an old and a modern district, in the interior of Algeria, near the borders of the Sahara. Its delightful winter climate has made it a popular resort for French and other European tourists. The street here shown is known as the Street of the Ouled Nail and is near the market-place shown below. Biskra figures in Robert Hichens's novel "The Garden of Allah".



THE MARKET IN BISKRA

The dealers here are waiting for customers for their dates, melons, gourds, and other fruits and vegetables, and for the rock salt seen at the left. A characteristic Moorish basket is seen in the foreground. The photographer chose for her snap-shot a happy moment when these merchants were absorbed in their own affairs and not gazing self-consciously at her camera

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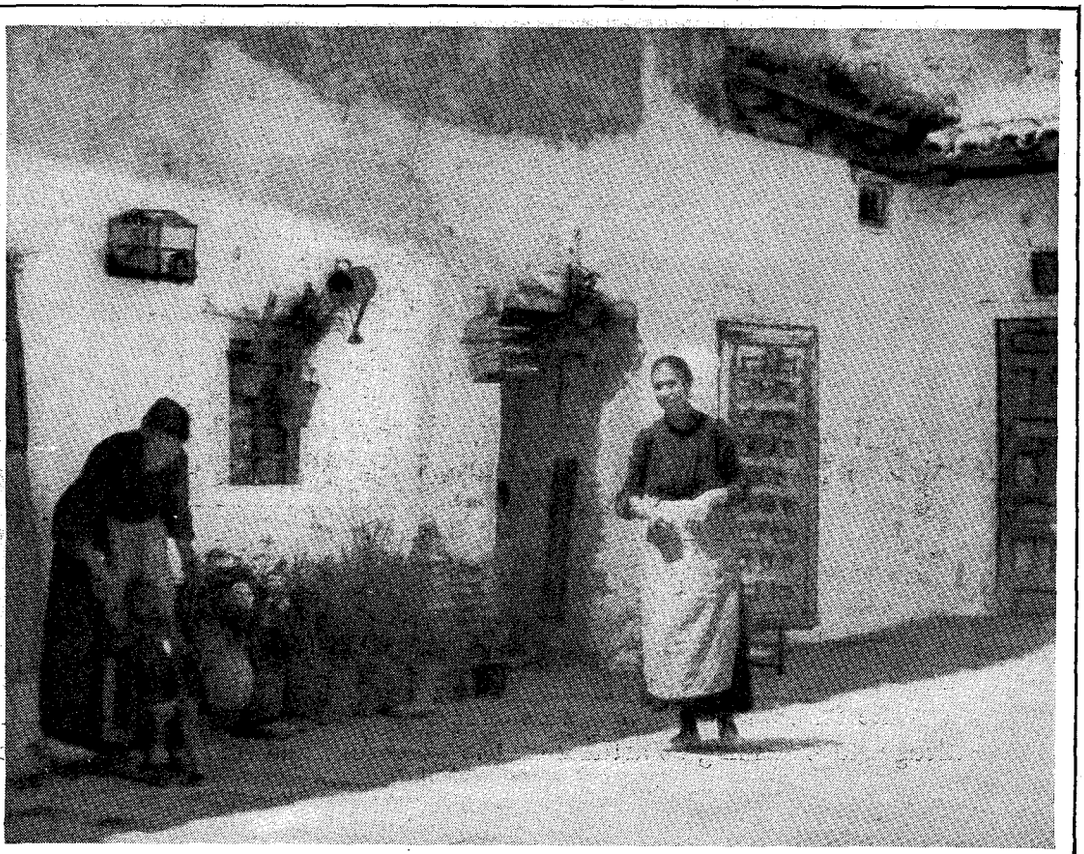
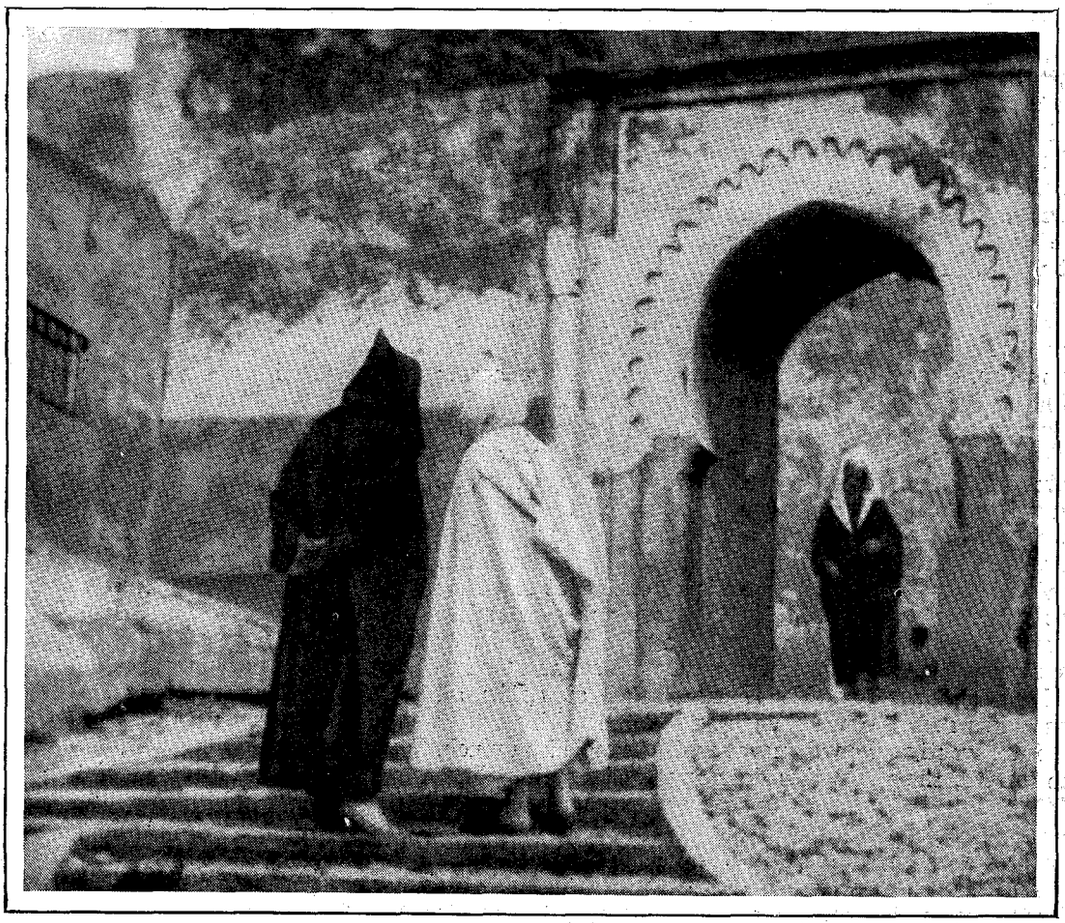


A COURTYARD IN TOLEDO

The courtyard of the humbler quarters in Spanish cities serves for the dwellers therein the purpose that the patio of the residence of the wealthy provides—an open space for exercise and fresh air and interchange of familiar talk. The windows of these houses are small, thus excluding the sun. Many handsome mahogany doors are seen even in the poorer dwellings. The small boy at the left has run to his mother's arms at the sight of the photographer's black box, but the women have a friendly welcome for the visitor



NEAR THE LAW COURTS OF TANGIER

Tangier, in Morocco, is just across the way from Spain. It is an internationalized city and Morocco is under a French protectorate, but Tangier's Moorish inhabitants still wear the traditional costume of their people, unaffected by European influences. The figure at the left is that of a Moorish policeman or court officer. At the time this picture was taken—winter—the Moors keep the hood over the head as here shown. In summer it is thrown back

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"A WOMAN LIKE A SHELL"

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON

You are the worn, sea-haunted shell
  That lapping tongues of brine and sand
Have ravished—once the citadel
Of a shy beast that loved the swell
  Of waters, beating on the land.

Nothing could live within you now.
  Your bones are chalk, your blood is drained.
Only your shape will still allow
Echoes that tell your life, and how
  And why the living substance waned.

Possession, now, to roving men—
  Home-set, they listen long to hear
The old sea-roar and thunder, when
Your emptiness gives back again
  The loud blood racing in the ear.

DWELLERS IN THE SANCTUARY

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

If some day The Outlook fails to appear, our readers will know that The Outlook's staff has deserted its job and gone south to visit Archibald Rutledge in his plantation home in South Carolina. This danger is one not to be sneezed at—unless Mr. Rutledge stops sending us articles on the wood-folk that he loves and knows so well

THE dew-hung grasses, the shimmering low copses of huckleberry, the tall tree-bays, the towering pines—all these were held in a shining hush. There had been a shower a short time before, but no wind had accompanied it; and now the warm midwinter sun of the South was rising on a silent glimmering world—aromatic, hale, deliciously fresh, delicately fragrant. And the gleaming peace of it all had a profound meaning for me, because I was in the very heart of a great game sanctuary; and the owner, an old friend, had given me the privilege of wandering through it at will, making such observations of wild life as might be possible.

On one side of this sanctuary is an apparently boundless sea marsh, eerie and melancholy; on another side, the far-reaching estate of a hunting club; on the other two sides are forest more or less free of access to every poacher, pot-hunter, prowler, and other land-cruisers of low degree with which most "free land" is infested. But this sanctuary, almost surrounded by hunters though it was, was a genuine refuge. More than a thousand acres of pineland, deep tupelo swamp, and dense shrubberies had been closely fenced off; and hither, as I was soon to learn, eagerly and intelligently thronged the harried, the hunted, the stalked, the pursued.

It was strange that the first distinct sound I heard was the far music of a pack of hounds; they were northward from the sanctuary. Deer hunters had evidently made a daybreak start, and their dogs had struck a fresh trail. As lately I had heard local hunters bitterly complain that every deer started in the open woods had a habit of making straight for the refuge, I rather anticipated a visit from the fugitive now in flight before the hounds. Standing beside a pond cypress whose broad-based roots gave me easy dry footing, I awaited my early-morning caller. Nor was my waiting long. Perhaps two hundred yards away the deer first became visible. It was a full-antlered stag, making his way with desperate speed into what he knew to be inviolate country.

The buck's course would bring him within fifty yards of me; and, being a hunter, I confess that my trigger finger tingled suspiciously when I measured with an envious eye the tall and massive chestnut-colored antlers. But even a hunter can have a heart; and on this day I was a watcher rather than a destroyer. The stag was running perhaps a full mile ahead of the dogs, and, as is nearly always true, he was not much inconvenienced by the tumult at his heels. A deer is seldom actually pushed by hounds unless he is wounded; he is so expert at skulking and dodging, at crossing water and at running down long lengths of it, at deftly slipping through apparently impassable thickets, and at doing all other elusive and baffling things, that hounds never really trouble him much. But this deer appeared urgently bent on reaching the refuge. Breasting the bright broom-sedge, rocking lithely over fallen timber, flashing through patches of rainwater, on he came—the very spirit of all that is wildest in the far waste-lands, in the grim moldering swamp, in the weird and forbidding sea marsh. He seemed a splendid palpitation out of the silent forest's great wild heart. Airily he leaped the fence; and as if by magic his pace slackened. He knew he was safe. By the time he was opposite me he stopped. His regal head high, turned toward his pursuers, he breasted the cool morning air, and from his black-ringed nostrils his breath was suspired smokily, defiantly.

Suddenly he swung his head with jaunty grace, facing front once more; he lolled his great antlers, lowering his head until his nose snuffed the dew-drenched grass. Then warily he stepped forward, insinuated himself into a thicket where smilax rioted in triumph over bays and myrtles, and was lost in the silent fastness of this sweet haunt.

About ten minutes later the hounds came in view; I meanwhile had advanced to meet them. When they discovered me standing by the wire of the sanctuary, they acquired a sudden distaste for following the buck; and even I felt impressed with what, from their behavior, I had to believe must be the viciousness of my appearance. Hounds, meeting a stranger in the woods, usually show discretion; and this is especially true if they sense that they are running on land where deer have safe harborage. Dogs soon learn, as well as deer, what a sanctuary means. That night, I know, certain deer hunters recounted the story of how a mighty stag had escaped them; but their tale lacked an element that their dogs might have supplied: that of their singular encounter with the menacing stranger who turned them back just as they thought that they were wearing down their quarry.

The owner of this noble tract of

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protected country had told me of a certain level reach of pineland, underbedded with heavy broom-sedge, gallberry bushes, patches of low myrtles, and small copses of huckleberry, where, he said, many bucks harbored during the day. This place I now found; and it presented a most unusual chance for observation. The big pines were but sparsely set here, and none of the undergrowth was much over knee-high. On every side the wild woodland, brightly open and sunny, stretched away into glimmering distance. I could see down far vistas retiring mistily among the pines. And through this sweet wilderness I wandered slowly, drinking in the mellow sunshine, the winy exhalations from the earth, the soft, mysterious beauty of the lone and peaceful landscape. All was silence; not even in the murmurous pines had the morning air begun to stir. All was tranced and mystical. This place was indeed a sanctuary.

A certain tiny pond attracted me; one cypress stood in it, myrtles fringed its borders; its area was not larger than a city flat. In such a place a deer loves to lie. Instinct tells him that he ought to cross water before couching himself for the day; he knows also that if he is roused a getaway through water will throw the pursuers off the track. He also, I think, loves the cool and grateful sense of water near and the gleaming radiance that it reflects. I believe that wild creatures have a sense of enjoyment of these things; they probably love life as much as we do, and environment is, or can be, a source of pleasure. I have watched deer pacing a sea-beach for hours; they did not feed, they did not drink; they merely seemed to be enjoying the wild grandeur of the surf, the storm of whose rolling anthems gave to the beach and the dunes what Emerson called "tumultuous privacy."

Close to the cypress-sentineled pond I now came; and when within twenty steps of it out of its farther borders suddenly burst two deer. They had heard me, possibly they had winded me; but, as I now stood motionless, they had not located me. Two bucks they were, as alike as twins, save that one's rack was dark and craggy and the other's graceful and tall and gray. Upon clearing the bushes they halted momentarily, the very picture of poised alertness—powerful, wild, matchless in speed and sagacity. But the concert of action that I expected did not come; a radical divergence of opinion suddenly developed. For a thrilling and flashing moment they hesitated; then they broke apart. The dark-antlered stag headed for the dim swamp looming eastward; the gray-antlered one leaped almost straight for me, dashed within three yards of where I stood, and fled westward into a far recess of the sanctuary. I mounted a fallen log and watched them go. The sunlight glinted on their horns and gleamed warmly on their coats; in two or three minutes from the time they jumped from their beds they were lost to sight; yet, for me at least, to memory they will never be lost. As a hunter, I know the piercing thrill of walking up two bucks and of bringing them to bag; but this business of walking up stags in a sanctuary and of watching them escape has its compensations also. It is really something fairly to stalk and to take an old, many-seasoned, lean-flanked, crafty buck; but it is something also to see the heart of the beautiful lonely woods, and to leave it beautiful and unbroken.

While I was still standing on the fallen log a telltale waving of the broom-sedge caught my attention. Trotting along thoughtfully came an old gray fox, returning, no doubt, from a thieving visit of some kind. As he stole along through the grass and bushes I was impressed with the extraordinary dryness and fluffiness of his coat and of his brush, although he was going, and had gone, through the wettest kind of underbrush. A sparrow flew out of the grass beside the fox; the wily creature paused, his face sharpening perceptibly; he actually seemed to be on a point; indeed, his stand was more steady than that of many a wild bird-dog I have known. In another moment he moved silently, almost eerily, onward. I take it that no animal of his size moves more silently than the fox; yet I believe that the deer, when he is not alarmed into flight, is every whit as silent as the fox. Indeed, as one observes closely these dwellers in the wastelands one is impressed with the quietness of them, the ease of their movements, the gracefulness of their carriage and their behavior, and the poignant appeal of their pathetic timidity, their high intelligence, their almost human perceptions, motives, fears, and affections.

Onward through the level pineland I took my way. Out of a canopied clump of fragrant myrtles I jumped another stag—a strange old fellow who had dropped one horn, and who, as he sailed away thus disheveled, had an appearance curiously unreal. But the apparent splendor of his running belied any thought that he was fantastic in aught but his looks. Not a half-mile farther on a great woodland sight was afforded me. It is not often in these days that even a man who spends much of his time in the wilds is privileged such a scene. I was near the gloomy tupelo swamp; the sun was now steaming off the bushes and the trees, so that a rosy mist hung draped along the edges of the swamp, like mantillas of soft lace. Immediately before me at this moment was a group of young pines, broad-crested and stunted, their dense greenery forming a lustral canopy under which the sun's warm rays were wanly stealing. A deer will lie down where the sunshine can strike him; but he likes shelter also and seclusion. For his daily long siesta give a deer sunny sequestration.

For a moment I paused to look at these pines and to look over them—they were not more than four feet high. Suddenly from under there three great shapes stole, one after the other, silent, shadowy, haunting. It was as if the Seminoles had returned to this region which once was home to them, and as if three of their craftiest warriors were stealing forth on the war-path. But then I saw horns. The deer cleared the thicket; three old stags they were, ancient wary dwellers in the sanctuary, heroes, I knew, of many a long race in the pinelands beyond the solitary refuge. In the morning mist they stood, their heads regally high. I did not move, and apparently they did not see me. From many years of observation I have concluded that the eyesight of most wild animals is tremendously keen and far-visioned to catch *movement;* but it often fails to recognize a person or an object when it is motionless. We, too, have eyes of the same kind in that we readily detect a moving thing, but are inclined to pass over one that is stationary. Many a time I have had deer, foxes, and turkeys pass within a few feet of me while I was standing or sitting quietly, whereas the slightest movement might have alarmed them while they were still a good way off. Old deer hunters always advise an amateur to stand in front of a tree rather than behind it; for if he is behind it, he will be dodging back and forth to see what is heading his way, and the oncoming deer will inevitably see him.

Two of the waiting bucks tossed their heads in graceful challenge. They could see no enemy. They had heard one approach, and they had left their beds; but now they were wondering if the thing had been a false alarm. I stepped forward, and simultaneously they launched their beautiful forms lithely down the misty edge of the tupelo swamp. Like wraiths they vanished far down the darksome border of the gloomy water-course. From safety they had gone into safety; magnificent creatures of the wilds on whose gallant slot there was no pursuit.

As these observations on deer were made during the close of the mating season, it was not surprising that bucks alone should have been seen. After the mating the does leave the bucks, and usually retire deep into big

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thickets and shrubberies; the bucks consort, soon drop their antlers, and do not make a rule of rejoining the does until some time during the following summer.

While walking down the margin of the swamp I heard a splashing in a pond to my right, and then a great whirring of wings. Out over my head came a flock of gorgeous wood-ducks, twenty-five or thirty in number. They had probably not been startled, but were merely "changing ponds," or passing from one part of the sanctuary to another. It did me good to see these ducks, because a few years ago they were on the verge of extermination. Now a Nation-wide law protects them, and they have reappeared in great numbers.

A morning wind was now softly crooning in the pine-crests—a sea wind, drowsy but insistent. In and out among the pines flitted bluebirds, warbling on the wing—blue rivulets of happy song coursing the sky. A sound coming from the other side of the swamp attracted my attention; wild turkeys were having a garrulous meeting; they were not lost and calling, but were simply talking things over. Through the still woods their tones rang clearly. Passing down the swamp-edge and finding an ancient bank, I began crossing this old causeway. Though there were breaks in it, the path was quite open—kept so, I knew, by the constant use of wild creatures. And now across this dim pathway flitted several woodcock that had been boring on the bank's soft edges, against which the red swamp water brimmed and glimmered. In the big trees on either hand were many squirrels, their glossy gray coats shining softly in the sunlight. If a hunter, knowing of such fur-coat makers, had a wife and told her of them, she might grow very kind to him.

A sound in the water arrested my steps. Something was walking in the shallow estuary, bush-grown, that withdrew toward the high ground from the deep swamp. Effacing myself by standing still, I watched and waited.

Invariably, I think, wild creatures feed delicately, daintily. This is true even of a tiger. Deer get their huge supply of a night's browsing in the most deliberate and fairylike fashion. To watch deer feed, you would never suppose that in a few nights a small drove of them can utterly destroy acres of peas, of young corn, of sweet potatoes, of peanuts. Raccoons take their fare as fastidiously as the Prioresse in Chaucer's "Prologue:"

> At mete well i-taught was sche withalle;
> She leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
> Ne wette hire fyngres in hire sauce deepe.
> Wel coude sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe
> That no drop fel uppon hire brest.

Even the wild turkey, greedy as must be his appetite, is a wary and careful dietitian. The noise that I had heard came from a turkey that was walking along the swamp-edge, feeding on the berries of the big wildcat brier. Soon he was joined by his fellows, and soon I saw the sunshine glint on broad bronze backs and spilled in glistening ravels from the iridescent gloss of rounded necks and immaculately preened tails. Perhaps there were fourteen turkeys in the flock—evidently a brood which the mercy of the sanctuary had held intact. I observed them feeding on the berries mentioned, and out of the water they picked fallen gum-berries; on the wet edges they found pine-mast; and from the low-growing gall-berry bushes they stripped the black and glossy fruit. While these noble birds feed carefully, they are inclined (unless they happen upon a great supply of food) to move along rather rapidly; and I watched with amusement the evident selfishness of certain birds that always wanted to be the first into any new patch of bushes. Periodically the two old birds would stand like sentries, their keen blue heads held high, their gleaming necks tall and straight. The younger birds, full grown but of that season's rearing, left the watching to their elders. They clumped about in the water, made little excursions to the shore, and gave the impression of being a very happy and industrious family. Within five minutes the flock passed over the causeway, entered a myrtle thicket, and were gone.

I was glad that they had been seen in the water, for it is in the wild turkey's nature to love water. He walks in it much, feeds in it a good deal, and he loves to range along its margins. In our country, when turkeys vanish from the pinelands, it is a safe guess that they have gone to the swamp. Such a place is rich in natural foods; besides, running water always has the exciting promise of all kinds of good things to eat drifted down and floated up, and perhaps stranded on bars or shores.

From the great watercourse where grew the tupelos I struck through the thickets toward the sea marshes. I love the lone and melancholy aspect of these waste morasses; and here wild life is abundant. Here gather vast concourses of wild fowl; here dwell the shore birds; to these creeks and quiet banks will pace raccoons for their favorite food, the oyster; and here will deer, run out of the woods by hounds, come for safety. Here, too, come I—a schoolboy to one of nature's mighty class-rooms.

Emerging on the beach, I see that the tide is out, and that the willets, the oyster-catchers, the sandpipers, the cranes and herons, are all scattered over the banks which have been exposed by the tide. For four miles the marsh extends before me—a mighty sweep of level, reed-hung, lonesome, and almost inviolate country. Over it now are circling flocks of wild ducks. They have come from their feeding grounds far up the Santee, and are here looking for daytime drowsing places. No place in the world could for them be more inviting; they have sunshine, silence, seclusion; marsh-bordered ponds brimmed by shallow tepid water, warm sequestered creeks, lee shores on which to preen themselves, loaf, and invite their souls. The black duck is here, and the gorgeous mallard, the widgeon and the sporty swift teal, the shoveler and the ruddy. If the vast marshland before me could be suddenly alarmed, out of it would spring thousands upon thousands of wild fowl, myriads of happy and beautiful creatures to testify that their survival has been due to the sanctuary. But as it is, I merely see small groups here and there beating their way intently over the marsh or dropping with soft, contented cries into warm tiny lakes and languorous creeks.

While watching the marsh a movement a little way down the beach attracts my attention: a doe timidly minces out upon the sand, gazes thoughtfully out over the marsh, trips runningly down to a green tuft of marsh, which she crops eagerly; then she returns to her bed in the sparkleberry thicket. Over the marsh a lordly eagle wheels; and at his coming many wild fowl rise and flee precipitately. We cannot afford them sanctuary from his tyranny. But he disappears toward a barrier island, and once more a sunny silence—that is so apparent that I can hear it—steeps the magic beauty of the wide marsh, the curving beach, the purple wall of the pine forest.

Back into the wildwoods I turn; for I have a half-day of delight ahead in studying the denizens of this great refuge. I will not take you with me, because I know that I am a really quite hopeless enthusiast on matters of this nature, and you probably have another engagement for the afternoon. Yet at least you have had glimpses, as lifelike as I could give them, of certain fascinating dwellers in the sanctuary.

For these children of the wild every man, even though he may be a hunter, should have something like a sanctuary in his heart; for out of it, in this as in all things, are the issues of life and death.

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FIUME—THE MARTYR OF UNIVERSAL BLUNDERS

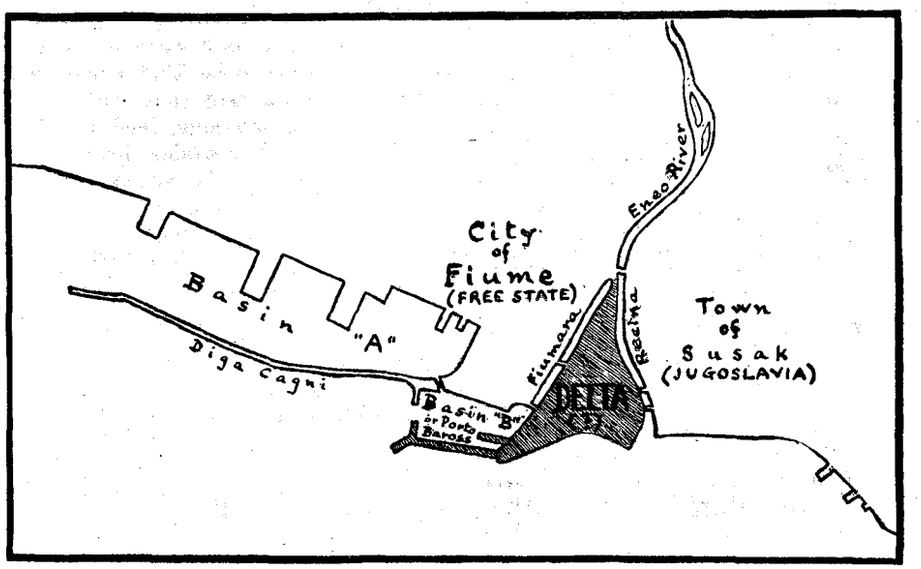
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY BRUNO ROSELLI

IF you have traveled at all in Mussolini's own Italy, where the railway officials have been ordered to stop presenting a yearly deficit of one billion lire to the Italian taxpayers "under penalty of fine or imprisonment," and have therefore met the increasing demand for space by decreasing supply, you are probably acquainted with that tempestuous performance of assaulting a train in search of an elusive seat, which is daily repeated at Florence, Bologna, and Venice when the express bound for Austria, Jugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia thunders in under the re-echoing glass dome. For there is a tradition that on an unnamed day of an unnamed year one of the cars of the train marked "Roman-Wien," "Roman-Belgrad," and "Roman-Praha" had one seat which was not fully and legally occupied when the express steamed out of the Eternal City. Such legends, you know, are difficult to refute, even by the most hardened *facchino*.

But it was exactly one of those hardened porters who taught me how to find a seat in that very train—if not quite to destination, at least for the whole night—by attacking the last car of the train marked "Roman-Fiume." "Take this, and change at San Pietro del Carso to-morrow morning," ordered my mentor; and I found myself in a car far from overloaded, since I had only fifty-five fellow-passengers in a car seating fifty-six people. And what a pretty collection of multicolored labels, forms, stamped permits, and passes did they show to the conductor when he came through! I believe I was the only passenger who was not a Fiuman official, an Italian official, or a Jugoslav official in that car; for such a life the former commercial metropolis of the northeastern Adriatic lives, or pretends to live.

When I changed cars at San Pietro del Carso, I had vowed that I would once more revisit Fiume, which I had not seen since the days of d'Annunzio's colorful adventure; and it was with envy that I bade adieu to the prosaic car and its untalkative cargo as it sped toward the town which I had hailed three years ago as "The Citadel of Heroic Unreality."

Twenty days later I fulfilled my vow. I reached Fiume from the sea—a sea not less glorious and far more invigorating than that around Naples, but, alas! totally deserted. The little Moschiena, carrying its handful of Italian mail from Zara, advanced plaintively in the immense Bay of the Quarnero. In front of us spread the pretentious whitish palaces, dreaming



THE PORT OF FIUME AND THE TROUBLESOME DELTA

perhaps of their last whitewash of nine years ago; the enormous warehouses, fast asleep; the idle cranes; the barred windows of the world-renowned Armstrong torpedo factory, oldest and best in the world. To the left, a row of picturesque Istrian villages—Italy. To the right, a row of picturesque Croatian villages—Jugoslavia. Just like two terra-cotta dogs facing each other right and left of a gate. And between them the Gate—a time-honored, history-making Gate—shut tight.

The Moschiena passed close to a buoy on her right—a buoy surmounted by a large Jugoslav flag. A Fiumano spat at it, with an oath and a horrible grin. That flag continues, exactly three miles out at sea, the boundary between Jugoslavia and the Free State of Fiume, and if an Italian or a Fiuman boat by mistake enters the intervening waters the Croat town of Susak begins to shoot. It is a battle without quarter between these two civilizations. And it began over two thousand years ago, when this town, which now takes its name from the *fiume* (or river) Eneo, which separates it from Jugoslavia, was called Tarsatica, and became the outpost of Rome in her campaigns against the Liburnian pirates.

The city itself (let not love be blind!) is hopelessly ugly. Still, this weird town, with its Italian population, its Austrian belief in the omnipotence of government, its Hungarian architecture, and its Slav hinterland, is a most fascinating place to visit for any one who can read the elusive lessons of history on the leaves scattered sybil-like by any *genius loci* or presiding local divinity. Take the *palazzo* or former residence of the Hungarian Governor, then of d'Annunzio, the mythical *comandante*. How well I remember seeing it in 1920 surrounded by the stout-hearted young Arditi, spiritual ancestors of to-day's Fascisti, mounting guard by the thickets of laurel trees to protect their indefatigable and increasingly irresponsible leader, who had defied the world and robbed Italy of an empire in order to present her with this little town, which she was not allowed to accept, after all! And now I was made to live once more the tragedy of the "Bloody Christmas" of 1920, when the Italian regulars had to shell the Italian irregulars out of Fiume; for the Fiumani have purposely left the palace untouched after the bombardment, barely covering with boards the ugly gaping holes; while above the tragic building the Tricolor of Italy, waved by both sides in the fraternal combat, floats solemnly, not even accompanied by the official Fiume flag. And in order to legalize this apparent illegality, the Fiumani have given those rooms in the palace which are still habitable to the Italian Legation, which of course enjoys the usual diplomatic privilege of flying its home flag unaccompanied by local emblems.

A clever arrangement. But then Fiume, denied a hearing by the Allies and a seat by the League of Nations, has become a past-master in ruse and expediency. Her own little uniformed force must be distinguishable from that of Italy? Very well, she has given them complete Italian infantry uniforms except for the tiny *mostrine*, or strips of silk, one inch by three, on the collar, which vary with every Italian brigade and which here happen to have the Fiume colors. She is not allowed to use Italian postage-

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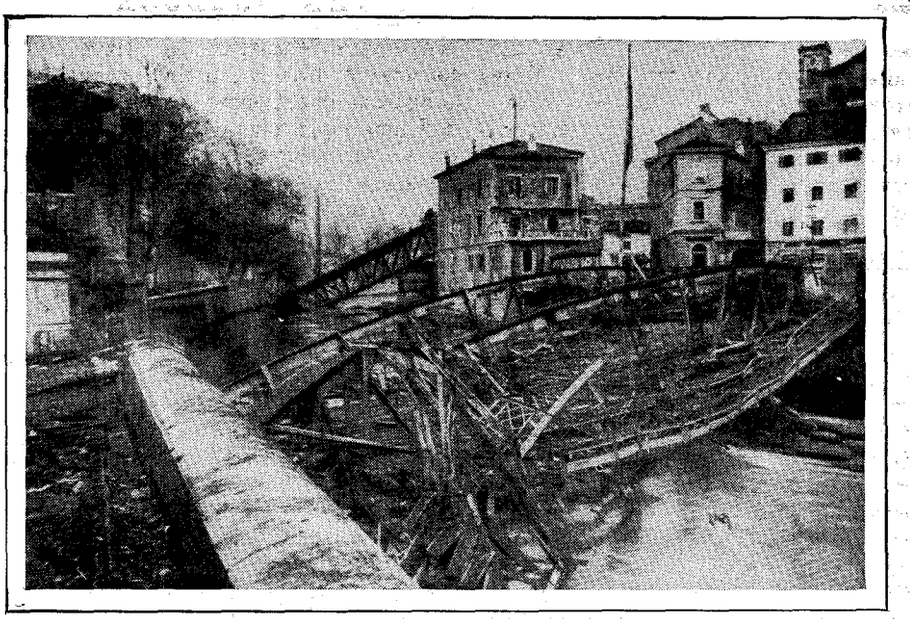
stamps? Very well. She will have her own set, with the following pictures: 2 centesimi, the head of Italia; 5 centesimi, the Capitoline wolf suckling Romulus and Remus; 10 centesimi, the hoisting of the Italian flag on the municipal palace when the Armistice was signed; 15 centesimi, d'Annunzio's bony and hairless skull; 25 centesimi, the Roman Arch of Fiume; 50 centesimi, a distant view of the city, with a child waving a huge Italian flag just outside of the three-mile limit; 1 lira, the Piazza San Marco of Venice, with the words "Fiume proclaimed her annexation to Italy on October 30th, 1918." I have laid stress upon the various values because they prove, incidentally, that Fiume uses the Italian currency now, while during the d'Annunzian period she used the Austrian crown surcharged *Cittá di Fiume*, and before that the unstamped Austrian crown. She has consistently refused to use Jugoslav currency, which in fact is now liable to confiscation there.

How does Fiume live? It is a mystery to me. An explanation may be found in the fact that her ante-bellum population of forty thousand souls (of whom about thirty thousand were Italians and the rest Croats and Hungarians) included no less than fifty millionaires. Also, the Italians have fed the children of Fiume for years, and the words *emigrato Fiumano* are an "open sesame" for any one who will move to Italy and look for a job. But most of the people are still here, soured, suspicious, haggard, defiant, like tigers pacing their little cage six miles by three. "Thou shalt not pass!" everybody seems to say to them. If they stroll toward the Eneo, they stare just across the ditch at some such sign as Hotel Balkan or Café Panslavia, or they hear the bilingual Croat children sing to them songs like this:

E la Regina Elena—Suonava il pianoforte—
Nel mentre i suoi soldati—Andavano alla morte.[1]

If he goes to the railway station, he will be met at the gate by Italian *carabinieri* asking for his passport. He is totally at the mercy of his neighbors; his electric light and his water supply are in Slav territory, his railway is in Italian hands. He is a veritable prisoner, with a prisoner's typical psychology. For one thing, the world has ordered Fiume to cease crying aloud, but it has been unable to eradicate from her heart the religion of memories; and the *Cittá Martire*, womanlike, still loves her fiery lover d'Annunzio quite as much for the suffering he caused her as for the spectacular way in which that modern Perseus came to the rescue of his Andromeda, succeeding in overcoming the dragon, but leaving her still chained to the rock.

[1] "And Queen Elena used to play the piano while her soldiers marched to their death."



THE BLOODY CHRISTMAS OF 1920 IN FIUME—BRIDGES BLOWN UP BY THE D'ANNUNZIANS TO STOP THE ITALIAN REGULARS

And how she does love her mother Italy also! One of the first things you notice when you stroll through the town is that most peculiar monument in the imposing and central Piazza Dante, consisting of a pedestal supporting the anchor and chain of the Emanuele Filiberto, the first Italian man-of-war to reach Fiume after her formal act of annexation to Italy on October 30, 1918, or five days before the Armistice—a date which indicates the anarchy then prevailing in the Hapsburg Empire. And the flags which flew at half-mast from almost every house in Fiume (as everywhere in Italy) while the remains of President Harding were brought across the continent were mainly Italian flags, with only a sprinkling of the (horrible) pink, yellow, and blue flags of the Free State of Fiume, and—one hardly needs to add—not one Jugoslav flag. Had one of those been shown, I suspect that the National Federation of Italian Arditi (Black Flames), which has found an asylum in Fiume after being advised to quench its ardor in Italy proper, would have used against the building the whole supply of dynamite left by d'Annunzio in the Free State at the time of his exodus.

Of French, British, or American flags I saw none there. Poor Fiume, she would be brought face to face with too many sad memories if she saw them. Few Americans realize that she had hoisted the Stars and Stripes on the day of her liberation, and that when she plighted her troth to Italy she called on the United States, paladin of self-determination, to protect her in her pledge. One year later her irregular Government was nominally at war against America, whence Mr. Wilson thundered major excommunication against Fiume for refusing to submit to the Allies' will. And the first of the Allies to test Fiume's obstinacy had been France, who had sent her little yellow Annamites to establish a naval base, but had had fifty of them slaughtered in one day. Blind to realities, the Allies, instead of using some of their Italian units there, thought that they might keep order in the town with British "bobbies;" and on being reminded that English-speaking guards could not well police an Italian-speaking city, they volunteered that, while British policemen from England might not do it, British policemen from Malta could. Now Malta has ever been a thorn in the side of nationalistic Italy; and the decision to import those dis-Italianized Maltese to keep order in an ultra-Italian city made the Fiumani foam at the mouth. It was then that Colonel d'Annunzio marched in at the head of the pick of the Italian army, and the d'Annunzian Free State began its spectacular meteoric career.

The words "d'Annunzian Free State" are all essential to specify that particular stage of recent Fiume history, since this place has changed names no less than five times in five years. It began its independent career as "Free City of Fiume," a title it enjoyed by courtesy even under the Hapsburgs. Under d'Annunzio the city had officially become "Fiume d'Italia," while the state, owing to the annexation of the near-by islands of Arbe and Veglia, was styled "Free State of the Carnaro," from the name given by Dante to the Bay of Quarnero, which the poet with almost prophetic powers hails as the boundary of a yet unborn Italy. When the Comandante departed, the Italian regulars left to preserve order renamed it "Italian Regency of the Carnaro." Then the Italo-Jugoslav Treaty of Rapallo compelled Fiume to

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elect her own officials and let the Italians depart, and the term "Free State of Fiume" was chosen for the new republic, which elected as its head a most diplomatic but unreliable separatist named Riccardo Zanella. I have related elsewhere[1] the exploits of this gentleman, and shall therefore mention here only the reward he reaped for the same, namely, his expulsion from the state. It is not for me to discuss the wisdom of that act; the city of Fiume is under the patronage of St. Vitus, and cannot therefore be expected to number stability among her chief virtues. But the fact remains that having to submit all state papers to an expelled President residing in what for a Fiumano is "enemy territory," at Porto Re, in Jugoslavia, after they have been discussed by the city Council headed by a powerless chairman, does not make for an ideal form of government; especially when the President refuses to sign anything dealing with more consequential items than paving stones and street lamps. Why did Fiume not grow tired of it long ago, and find a remedy for it? What was she waiting for?

She *was* waiting for something—something so essential to her that even her political rehabilitation must be held in abeyance: the report of the Trinational Commission on the Port of Fiume (with three commissioners—one Fiuman, one Jugoslav, and one Italian), created by the Italo-Jugoslav Treaty of Rapallo November 12, 1920), the last international instrument dealing with Fiume. The port will be as good as dead until these gentlemen have finished, and Fiume will be as good as dead until her port, only resource of a state six miles by three, is alive again. This *Commissione Paritetica* has worked somewhat slowly on the very complicated port problem, but is understood to have reached a solution several months ago—a solution, that is, on which two of the members, the Fiuman and the Italian, were willing to agree after mutual compromises, but in which the Jugoslav member refused to accede. And, since the Commission was the child of the Rapallo Treaty, and Mussolini, by withdrawing the Italian troops from the islands south of Fiume (which even his less nationalistic predecessors had managed to keep), had drunk to the last drop the bitter Adriatic chalice presented to Italy at Rapallo, and had thus removed the last pretext for Slav tergiversations, he wrote to the head of the *Commissione* demanding a majority report by September 15. This so-called "Mussolini ultimatum" has appeared to many as a diplomatic *faux pas;* first, because the public opinion of England and of her journalistic satellite, America, had been stirred by Mussolini's ultimatum to Greece and considered this a further proof of dangerous impatience; second, because if Fiume could have been made to wait six months longer the railway uniting Bosnia with Spalato in Jugoslav Dalmatia would have been completed, thus bringing Serbia nearer to the sea and simplifying the Fiume problem, which, as everybody sees now that Wilson and d'Annunzio are out of the way, is merely a conflict of nationality *versus* outlets to the sea. But *could* Fiume be made to wait? Probably not; and the contention of the Fiumani deserves sympathy: "We have suffered enough; we want to know where we stand. Italy and Jugoslavia may have every interest in postponing the issue; we can't. No more charity and no more intrigue; we want our port, now, and *all of it.*"

"All of it!" There is the crux of the matter. Disagreement on its extent explains the dissension of the Jugoslav Commissioner, and the continued stoppage of all exports from Jugoslavia by way of Fiume and their rerouting via other ports. (Here I ask myself candidly: How *can* the Slavs continue to claim that they cannot live without the port of Fiume, when for the last five years they have disproved this by boycotting Fiume and trading through other Jugoslav ports?) But let us study on the map the technical side of the contest. Rapallo decreed that the Fiume port be Fiuman; the Susak port, Jugoslav. But nature blundered, like everybody else here. For, while Fiume is separated from its Croat suburb of Susak by the river Eneo, which forms a workable boundary between the Free State and Jugoslavia, the Eneo unfortunately forms a delta before entering the Adriatic; and although passenger steamers cast anchor mainly west of the delta, most of the freight facilities are situated *on* the delta, the freighters using *either side* of Porto Baross, which is built half on the delta and half on Fiume proper! Now the Treaty of Rapallo makes no mention of the delta, the status of which is therefore still officially undefined. D'Annunzians, Arditi, Fascisti of the days before Fascismo became an annex of Italian conservatism, had in turn taken possession, creating a disturbing precedent. And now? I felt quite a thrill as I walked nonchalantly across a bridge, indifferently guarded, over the right branch of the Eneo to the disputed territory. The spooky silence was broken by the whispers of two lovers and by a nostalgic Neapolitan song. The delta was officially empty, but unofficially occupied by a few Italian customs guards intrusted with the job of preventing smuggling from the sea and raids from the shore.

Being determined to study *in situ* the problem over which such thick political smoke screens have been thrown, I proceeded next to measure the comparative widths of the two branches of the Eneo, to see which one might more justly be considered *the* river, and therefore form the boundary. I measured as carefully as I could, but to no avail. Nature conspiring with man in making trouble for Fiume, I cannot honestly say that either branch is sufficiently wider and deeper than the other to constitute the "river boundary" called for by the Treaty of Rapallo.

Lacking the authority of that instrument, each of the contestants brings up other "evidence." Private letters of diplomats (one of which, written by Count Sforza and rather damning to Fiume, is being flourished by the Slavs as their favorite scalping knife), ancient books on geography, and maps (these plainly showing that the Fiumara is recent and man-made, while the Recina is old and God-made), are being used to do the dirtiest work imaginable. They mean little to me. But what appeared clear as I surveyed the situation from the thin Diga Cagni (separating Basins A and B), which enables vessels to unload from either side of its frail twenty yards of width, was that Basin B cannot be divided between two countries; and surely poor Fiume cannot be made to give up the half of it which is not built on the delta. Remember that Basin B is only 200 yards wide, and if divided evenly it would leave the longer boats partly in one country and partly in another. Such a situation is so absurd that it could not be imagined elsewhere. Here of course nothing strikes you as unreal if you were here also in d'Annunzian days. Did I not see in this very port, three years ago, Basin A occupied by Fiuman and Basin B by Italian men-of-war, supposedly sent after their outlaw brothers? Let me read from my note-book my record of that unforgetable visit: "To the right of the pier are the Italian and to the left the Fiuman battleships—twenty yards away. Both fly the same flags, the tricolor of Italy. But while the sailors of the Italian dreadnought Dante Alighieri receive their pay from the Italian paymaster, and their rôle is universally known to be that of refusing to obey orders in case the Italian naval authorities should ask the Dante to sail away (let no one even mention a more absurd possibility!), those on board the Bertani, twenty yards away, wear next to the war ribbon the Fiume medal, and receive their pay from the Fiume paymaster. And who pays the Fiume paymaster? That is another story."

But that was 1920, and in a world of realities such tragic rehearsals of *opéra bouffe* must not reappear, such risky proximities must be avoided. Let any one who is *really* at odds with

[1] See "North American Review" for November, 1922.

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Fiume move away at least as far as the little port of Susak; not very deep perhaps, but good enough for the Croats, since only eight per cent of the Fiume trade was of Croatian origin. It was to eliminate such incongruities that the *Commissione Paritetica* was supposed to have concluded that the economic unity of the whole port of Fiume (A and B basins) be left unbroken in the hands of the Free State, of which they constitute the only valuable asset; that the State, then able to stagger along, be more and more deprived of that tutelage by Italy which was hitherto made unavoidable by the helplessness of that Italian community; that in return Jugoslavia be made to open the frontier to her exports from the interior.

When I was at Fiume last August, it seemed as if the end of the port controversy had come. With a definite status assured Fiume, clean if small revenues would come in, an honest budget could be made, and the political anomaly would cease. Signor Depoli, the Vice-President, was willing to run the city in lieu of Signor Zanella only a few weeks longer. Mussolini promised relief for September 15. But the date came and brought no relief, since the Slavs protested against the "brutality of the ultimatum" and wailed that Italy had occupied Corfu in order to bottle up the Adriatic and browbeat Jugoslavia into accepting the Fiume settlement; and Mussolini thought wiser not to insist. Then Depoli resigned, with a noble, tragic letter in which he informed Italy that his city-state was dying and might be counted upon to do something reckless. Not bluff, either. It was an open secret in Florence that Captain Coselschi, d'Annunzio's former secretary at Fiume, was enrolling volunteers to retake the city in the name of Italy. With characteristic disregard of legality, Mussolini had Coselschi's mail opened and his plans frustrated; and with equally characteristic speed he appointed General Giardino to take the place of Depoli and head the Fiume City Council. Contemporaneously, Jugoslavia and Italy deposited with the League of Nations at Geneva the texts of the Rapallo Treaty, which guarantees in perpetuity the independence of Fiume; thus making it automatically impossible to interpret the presence of General Giardino there as a step toward Italian annexation.

The Rubicon has been crossed, then; and I, for one, am glad. Glad that the days of plots and sophistry and ambiguity, and of documents worded so as to create misunderstandings, and of clever evasions of two-edged laws, are at an end. Again and again I have visited the Cathedral Church of San Vito, and have always found it empty. "These people do not believe," I remarked to a hard-faced Fiumana. "Why should we?" was the bitter answer. Rightly or wrongly, under d'Annunzio these people forged for themselves heroic wings for the flight toward the realm of the ideal, but the world clipped them and bade Fiume to be a tiny pawn in a diplomatic checkerboard. That almost killed their souls. Let us all make amend to Fiume, and not only with words, but by putting into her war-worn hands the tools of peace, and remembering that our act will be useless unless calmer counsels prevail in the hearts of men far from Fiume, throughout this planet in turmoil; for the "problem of Fiume" is simply a war-time problem, since in peace time no one would prevent Jugoslavia from using Fiume as freely as if it were her own, just as Switzerland uses Genoa, never dreaming to annex that Italian city. Let the world stop its mental saber-rattling, and Fiume will have peace.

A MOONSHINER ON PROHIBITION

BY FRANCIS PRIDEMORE

It is a daring plan to promote the enforcement of prohibition in the mountains that this ex-moonshiner proposes. *Montani semper liberi*, and this plan gives a mountaineer's view of the way the Government should deal with the free men of the mountains

ONLY four years have passed since I gave up moonshining. My still is even yet used by the men who worked with me, and I imagine I could go straight to the cave where they carry on their operations. I might still be in the business but for the war. Owing to various injuries, I was rejected in 1917 and the war was really over before I finally did get in. While I was in the Army I married, and my wife permanently separated me from my old life. Certainly if she had been willing to have me continue in my old trade I could have supported her much more adequately than I have hitherto been able to do, for prohibition would have enabled me to make a moderate fortune. Probably I shall never make as much money in any other way as I did in the last of my moonshining days. When I joined the Army, I was getting from twelve to fifteen dollars a quart for corn whisky. This brought my income up to $300 or more a month, exclusive of what I made in the coal mines, for, to avoid attracting the attention of the revenue men, I and all my helpers worked in the coal mines. This $300 was comparatively easy money, although attended with considerable risk. At that stage in my career, however, I counted the danger part of the compensation. Though $15 a quart was top price in 1918, yet to-day I could get considerably more. I have been urged over and over again by all sorts and conditions of men, either to make the whisky for them or to teach them how to make it, but so far, in spite of ill health, strikes, and babies, I have been able to get along without recourse to my old business.

I suppose that most people will be surprised to learn that personally I approve of prohibition, and always did believe in it even when I was most constantly violating the principle. Nearly all the moonshiners I know—and I know a great many—do believe in it. I will go even further and say that there is hardly a moonshiner who would not be perfectly willing to shut down his still forever if it were not for the bootleggers and the old revenue officers, who are now mostly prohibition agents. Many people, I find, compare moonshiners and bootleggers. The moonshiner makes the liquor—generally of fairly good quality—while the bootlegger peddles it out. The ordinary moonshiner sells his liquor principally to his neighbors and friends. With him distilling is merely a side-line, not a profession. The bootlegger drifts around, picking up a quart here and a quart there, diluting the good stuff and getting more for a pint than the moonshiner does for a quart. Or perhaps he ships poor liquor in from Canada or somewhere else and disposes of it as genuine moonshine. The moonshiner looks down on the bootlegger and does not like the idea of surrendering the field to him. If the bootleggers, men who sell wood alcohol as bottled in bond and white as pure corn whisky, could be abolished along with the revenue officers and prohibition agents, most moonshining would automatically come to an end. This may sound like a very rash statement, but since I come of a moonshining family and was brought up among them, I know whereof I speak.

Most people regard the moonshiner as a man defying all law. Instead he is a conscientious objector to one cer-

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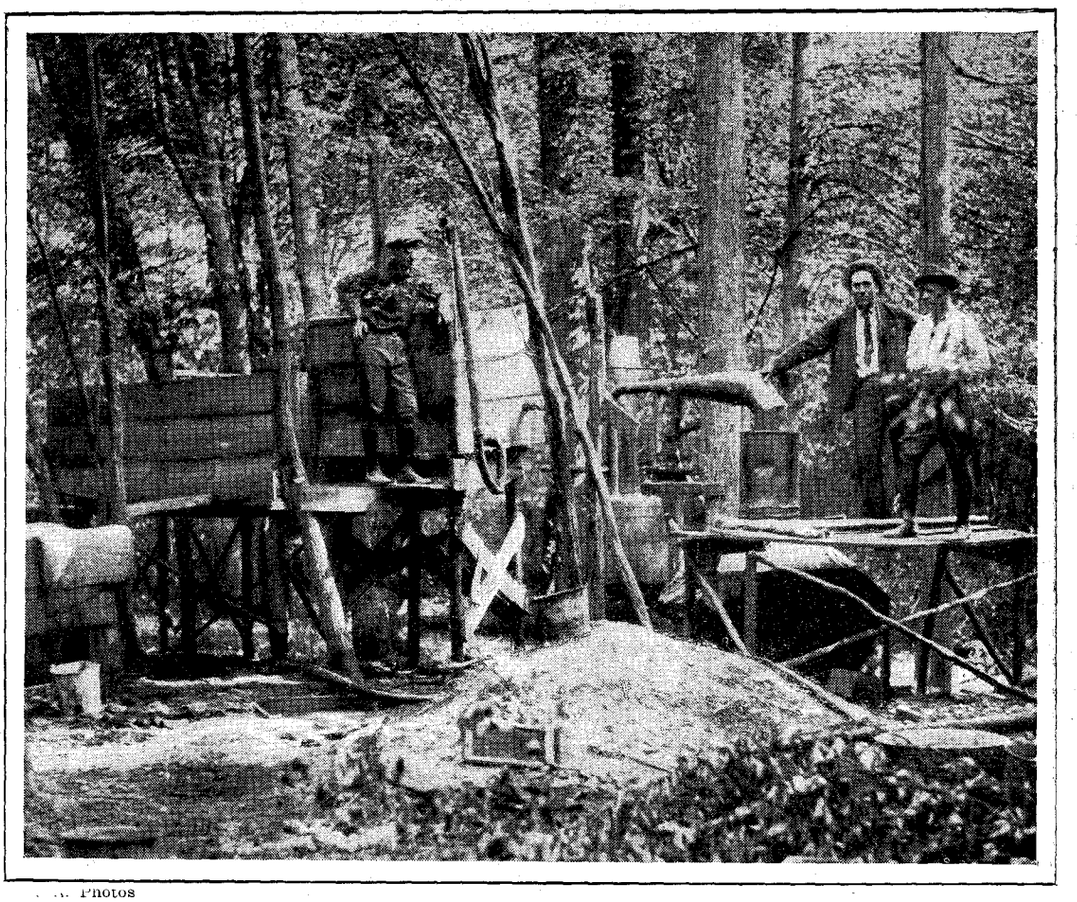

REVENUE AGENTS PREPARING TO DESTROY A WHISKY STILL

This 600-gallon still, with 10,000 gallons of corn whisky, was, it is reported, discovered by the aid of a map made by an airplane which had located the still—probably by the tell-tale smoke which arose through the dense woods in which the moonshiners had hidden their apparatus

.. Photos

tain law. In the beginning moonshine was made as a protest against the Revenue Act. The mountain men of my part of the country felt, and to a certain extent I still agree with them, that they had a right to dispose of their corn as they saw fit and that the Government had no more right to tax them for making it into whisky than for feeding it to their hogs. Thus the mountaineers regarded making whisky in the same light that the Boston patriots regarded throwing the tea overboard—a defense of their personal liberty. Instead of removing this prejudice by education, the Government employed the methods of George III and endeavored to enforce the law by means of revenue officers, whom the mountaineers hated as heartily as did their forefathers the Hessians. I wonder how many people realize that there was a reason for the universal hatred the mountaineers felt for the revenue men. The charges that are brought against prohibition agents and officers applied to the revenuers as a class, with only a few notable exceptions; they were extortionate, crooked, and treacherous. Too often after landing the moonshiner in jail they either drank or marketed the liquor they were supposed to have destroyed. They used their official positions to vent their own personal spite, and, worst of all from our standpoint, they violated hospitality—of all crimes the hardest for the mountaineer to forgive. What the revenue man of pre-war days used to do, the prohibition agent does to-day.

If the moonshiners were perfectly sure that impartial justice would eventually overtake the bootleggers, they would not allow their feelings for them to keep them from obeying a law which they do fundamentally approve. But to stop moonshining now would be an admission that they were defeated by the agents they loathe. I can safely affirm that so long as the Government employs its present methods of law enforcement moonshining will increase rather than decrease. If the Government really wants to end it, two courses lie open. The powers that ought to be could call out two or three regiments, furnishing them with machine guns and artillery, and overcome each creek and mountain separately, killing off all the boys as well as the men. It would take most of the regiments to accomplish this, but then moonshining would be abolished until the children of the survivors were old enough to start it all up again. If this method is too costly in money and life as well as not highly efficient, there is another way which, as far as I know, has never been tried.

We mountain men are descended, without any intermingling of nationality for the most part, direct from those men who tried conclusions at Runnymede with King John, who fought with Cromwell, and who during the Revolution faced death for the sake of liberty. Our idea of liberty may be in this instance erroneous, but until we as a whole are convinced of our mistake we shall continue to defend our ideal as steadfastly as our forefathers did theirs. If the spirit that inspires the moonshiner to risk his life and liberty in violating the law could only be directed to upholding it, instead of the most backward, our part of the country would become one of the most advanced. To bring this about would not be as impossible as some might suppose. If the Government would only withdraw its Secret Service men and prohibition agents, sending in one or two men who know and understand the mountain people to treat with them, an agreement could be arrived at.

I have already said that most moonshiners really believe in prohibition. They did not believe in a law that taxed a man for using his own produce. They did not believe in a law which is enforced by men who betray hospitality, who distort the law to suit their own ends, and who frequently break it while pretending to enforce it. For most of these men moonshining is a protest, and not a profession. It is only in the last few years that moonshining has become really profitable, and nearly all moonshiners in any part of the country have some other trade—either farming or coal mining. If moonshining is ever to be done away with, now is the time, before, owing to prohibition, it does become so profitable that the moonshiner

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Keystone

A PRIMITIVE STILL IN GEORGIA

turns to it for a living. The way to stop it is by reason—not by force. Withdraw the prohibition agents and Secret Service men. Send in a man who knows moonshiners. Let him talk the matter over with the leaders. I think that he will find that most of them are ready to uphold the law. No contracts will be needed—no bonds or written guaranties. What the moonshiner promises let no man doubt he will perform. Law enforcement officers will be useless. The man who violates an agreement that all have sworn to will meet a quicker and severer punishment than any court of law would be apt to measure out to him. Certainly this experiment would be inexpensive. The present system is costly and worse than useless. All it amounts to is a sort of guerrilla warfare, with each side growing more bitter as the time goes on. Dreadful deeds have been done by each party. No one will ever know how much blood has been spilled already, and none can guess how much more will be spilled unless some such method as I have briefly outlined is employed.

WHEN COLLEGE STARES YOU IN THE FACE

BY JOHN A. LESTER

John A. Lester knows boys and human nature. He is one of the most successful teachers of English literature in the secondary schools of America. That doesn't mean that the boys under his charge learn more dates than any others. It means that they learn to love books because he makes of books a high adventure. That is one of the reasons why we think his views on the younger generation are worth listening to

EACH June for the past twelve years I have experienced the sensation of having a panoramic view into the minds of boys and girls who are aspiring to enter college. I have gazed, not from the distant peak of adult wisdom or experience, but from the lower end of the ridge, where one can see the path already trodden and the trail winding on upward. Some nineteen thousand boys and girls this year reached the vantage-point of which I speak—where the school trail ends and the college trail begins. It is from their own accounts of the journey they have made and of the higher land they aspire to traverse that I have each year obtained a rather definite conception of the mind and temper of the travelers.

It is the breadth of the view rather than its detail which makes it significant. Last year the readers of the College Entrance Examination Board read in the subject of English alone more than ten thousand blue books, written by students from nearly seventeen hundred different schools in forty-seven States, and seeking entrance to two hundred different colleges. An important part of the examination is an essay or composition of some length written by the student on a subject near to his own experience and interest, and chosen from a suggested list—this year fifteen in number. The selection of the topic to be discussed, the method of handling it, and the values and ideals of life indicated are, to my mind, of intense interest as an index of the mind and temper of our American youth.

Let no one suppose that a boy or girl to whom ample time is allowed does not write freely and genuinely in an examination book. The artificial copy-book essay, the made-to-order sentiment, are quite infrequent. Every teacher knows how a boy who finds a congenial subject will often be engrossed and possessed by it, to the forgetting of time and space, in the joy of frank self-expression. On this occasion his identity is concealed by a number, his reader is unknown, there is no restraint on the free expression of opinion and sentiment.

The first impression gained by one who reads the work submitted in English is of the surprising diversity to be found among these travelers of the ridge. Not differences in native stature and strength—for these would be evident in any ten thousand of American youth of seventeen or eighteen—but in equipment and preparation among those who presumably have all been trained for the same journey. How the schoolmaster's faith in the teaching of punctuation is strengthened when he reads, "And now Dunstan began to realize that he had been the cause of the death of his brother, Godfrey's horse"! How he sees justified his insistence on exactness in words when he comes on the sentence, "When Achilles was very young his mother dropped him in the Stynx and made him *intolerable* for the rest of his life"!

The topics suggested in 1923 led many prospective college students to discuss present-day life as it has been affected by such inventions as motion pictures, radio, and automobiles; or the industries of the future in connection with our sources of power in coal and oil; or the choice of a life occupation; or the ideals of the boy and girl of to-day. It is from this body of writing that one derives some rather definite ideas about the direction in which the youth of to-day is pointing,

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and of the temper with which he starts his career.

In the first place, what is the American youth's idea of success? It is in general a bustling materialistic one: to be a "live wire," to "make good" not so much in a profession as in an up-to-date business. "I have always loved the woods and looked forward to being a forestry expert, but I can make good more quickly in my father's patent-medicine factory," says a boy from the West. An Eastern girl with a leaning toward art writes, "My friend when she left college became an efficiency expert, and immediately reorganized her uncle's business. Now she is earning four thousand dollars a year. What I shall try to be is an efficiency expert." Personal achievement is too exclusively gauged in the minds of these boys and girls by the rapidity of ascent on a corporation's pay-roll.

But in part compensation for this crude evaluation of personal and National life is the intense eagerness to tackle each and all of the material tasks which await them. They envisage the world of their maturity as a smoothly running mechanism in which coal and oil are superseded by more direct sources of power; transportation is easy and incredibly swift; the powers of radio are indefinitely expanded; household worries are dissipated by all kinds of labor-saving devices for the home. One thinks how easily to-morrow's problems of power, communication, transportation, even domestic help, will fall before these thousands of Jack-and-Gill giant-killers, if only their skill, their knowledge, and their ideals prove equal to their confidence and enthusiasm.

It was, indeed, to the present writer of the greatest interest to discover the reaction of boys and girls to the suggested topic "The Modern Boy's (or Girl's) Ideals." It was surprising, in the first place, to find so many of the aspirants for a college education selecting this topic as the subject for an hour's writing rather than one of the fourteen others suggested. For it is a fixed idea with some educators that the ideals of the modern boy and girl are conspicuous by their absence; that the stars which guided our daughters' grandmothers have died out and left no compensating illumination. Some have been inclined to attribute the obvious new interests of youth to ignoble motives, to a repudiation in the minds of boys and girls of fundamental moral sanctions; and see in their free actions a throwing over of moral ballast. I read, therefore, with a curiosity quite extra-professional the many accounts by boys and girls from every part of the country of what constitute the ideals of the youth of to-day.

The young writers made it quite clear that they are aware of the fixed gaze of the elderly and disapproving eye. What they wished to do was to explain themselves to their censuring elders—to assuage fears, to convince, to reassure, but particularly to *explain.*

Girls in general were in emphatic agreement that they cherished ideals just as jealously as did their mothers. While papers written on the effect of moving pictures on social life showed a wide difference of opinion—ranging from blunt condemnation to thoughtful discrimination—there was discernible in the papers on ideals an insistent desire to show that the ideals of youth differ from those of parents only in the relative emphasis to be placed on them. "I do not take my darling mother's criticisms seriously," writes one frank young lady, "because I know that in the time of President Garfield, when she was in her teens, *she* didn't take *her* mother's criticism seriously. And I think I feel just as *good* as she did, and from all I can make out, a great deal happier." The girl writers generally are aware of a greater degree of freedom in social intercourse than their parents had. The thing that amuses and sometimes alienates them is the suspicions, inferences, and prohibitions—wise it may be in the light of mature wisdom—which seem to them causeless and even insinuating. They are inclined to fling back an *Honi soit qui mal y pense.* "You should be glad that our social relations are more natural than were yours," writes a girl in the form of a letter to her chaperons, "and slow to think that we're going to the dogs just because we're freer in our gayety."

Boys who wrote about their ideals took essentially a similar view, but there was evident a certain impatience with the parent or teacher who has passed not only his youth but the memories of it. "They forget that they were just like us when they were boys, *and they forget that we know it.*" So wrote one boy, who proceeded to show how difficult is the task of many a father whose boyhood antedates telephones, automobiles, airplanes, radio, Freud, and the Great War, when he tries to bring himself in contact with the mind of a boy of 1923. Another writer, indeed, attempted a rather remarkable apology for an elder who found it impossible to make this adjustment and was evidently a harsh but honest critic of his young friends. "I called him a mossback," admits the boy, "before I considered how hard it must have been to keep up with all that has happened since he rode to school in a horse car. Very likely I shall be left trailing in 1950. I hope I shall be as honest and true to my convictions as he is. But if the boys then are still living in an age of free and easy manners, I shall try not to believe that they are necessarily looking for opportunities of free and easy morals."

And yet with curious frequency the writers often found their ideal, so far as it embraced integrity, individual honor, and unselfishness, in fathers and mothers. It was, however, characteristic of the best papers on the ideals of the modern boy and girl that the emphasis was placed rather on social than on domestic virtues. They made the point of emphasizing service to one's fellows as the distinguishing feature in the ideals of the rising generation. "The boy of to-day," says one of them, "rarely expresses himself about patriotism or religion, but he is full of them both and he wishes to act them rather than to talk about them."

The wide view of the mind and temper of the nineteen or twenty thousand boys and girls who this year set their faces toward college thus reveals a body of young life intensely active, extraordinarily conversant with the ménage and mechanics of life, and aware of the possibilities of its material expansion; eager to get into the game, to play a leading rôle, to engage in the adventure, and endowed with all the courage to do it. They glory in the freedom and gayety which the years have brought them, but they are inherently as sound as their parents; and withal they are possessed of a genuine desire to serve their fellow-men as part of the task which the alluring future is holding for them. As one boy put it, "We respect the man who has given much to the world; we envy the man who has taken much out of it; but in our dreams and aspirations we surpass them both."

A schoolmaster usually ends a hard year's work with some misgivings. They may be personal doubts as to whether the results of his endeavors to "lead jackasses up Parnassus," as Thring put it, have been worth the effort expended, or they may go deeper and prompt him to value at a cheaper rate that innermost mettle of the American schoolboy which he had counted sterling. I have found the best corrective for these qualms in a wide glimpse of the mind of boys and girls who in a year or two will constitute our colleges. There is sophistication and fatuous innocence, there is the snob and the cad; but between the froth at the top and the silt at the bottom the clean strong current of American youth goes rolling along. A glimpse of it brings new faith in the schoolmaster's calling, for he sees the demonstration of the enormous difference between good and bad teaching; the really incalculable service which a teacher has done when he has trained a student to think out and then to execute his little problem with rigor and exactness, and to start on the next stage of his journey with some conception of the permanent values of life.

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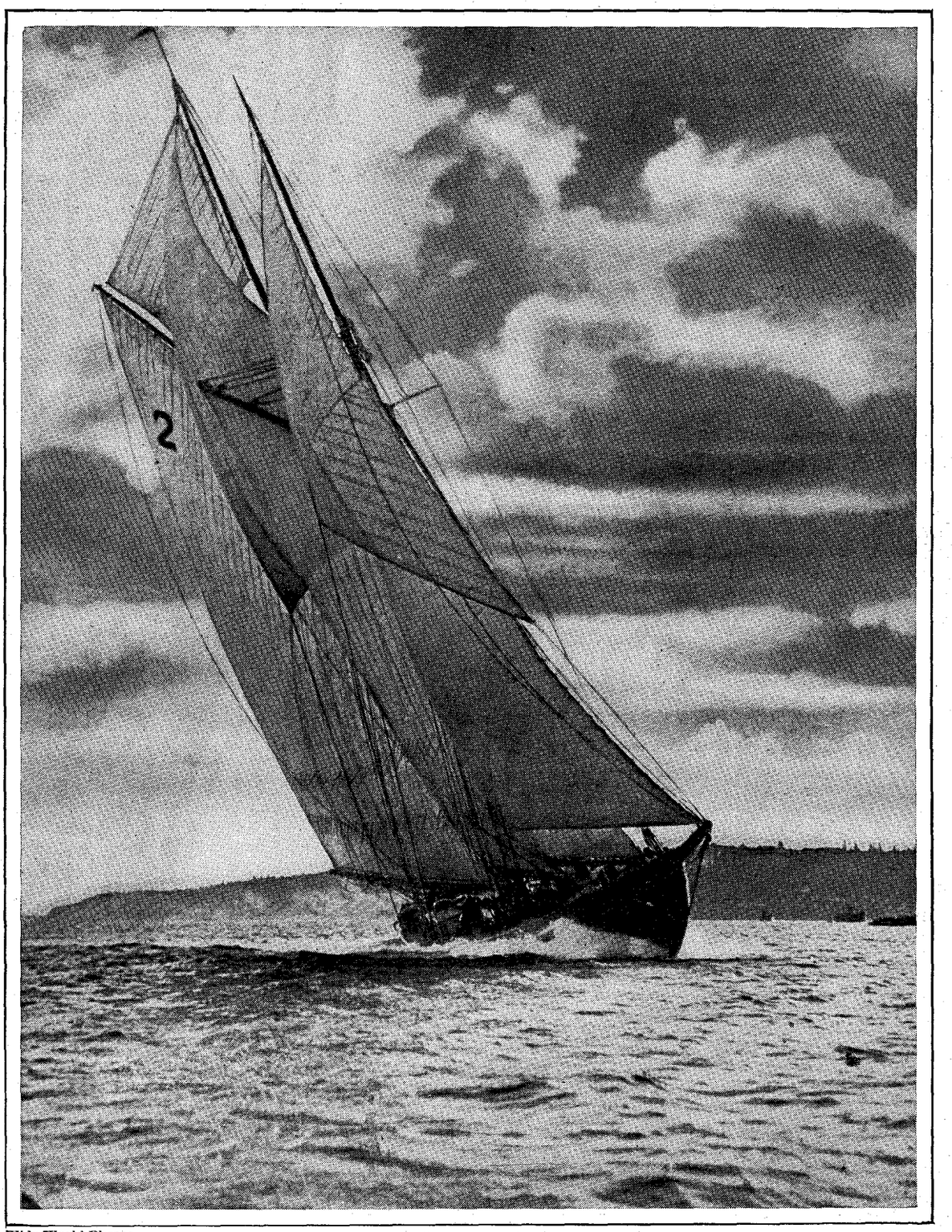
THE CANADIAN CHAMPION



Wide World Photos

The Yankee schooner Columbia is, as this issue of The Outlook goes to press, off Halifax trying conclusions with this champion of the Canadian fishing fleet. In the first race of the series the Canadian vessel won by a narrow margin. These bank fishermen do not pray for moderate breezes when they set out to race. They act on the principle of the old New England skipper who said, "When the Lord wants me to shorten sail, he'll blow something away"

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THE BOOK TABLE

A FORGOTTEN STATESMAN[1]

BY EDMUND LESTER PEARSON

THERE was a neat moral lesson all prepared for the little boys in Newburyport in my time—about thirty years ago. I do not remember that it was dwelt upon by the teachers in either the day schools or the Sunday school, but I am sure it was mentioned, and as we grew older we could judge how compact, artistic, and (to use the cant literary phrase) how "convincing" it was. It concerned, as all such lessons should, the lives of two men who in their time, nearly a hundred years before, had also been little boys in Newburyport. They had lived to grow old, and now both were in their graves. One of them—how perfectly the thing begins for a Sunday school lesson!—one of them was a poor boy, a son whose father had deserted his family. He had but a few months of schooling, and at the age of nine was apprenticed to a shoemaker, later to a printer. His life was never easy, and presently by advocating a most unpopular cause for conscience' sake he made his own lot hard indeed. Men reviled and persecuted him, his life was in danger at times, and once he was dragged by a mob through the streets of a city—the capital, indeed, of his native State. It is probable that he enjoyed no great popularity at any time, and for most of his career he was regarded by the "best" people of the town (and, indeed, throughout the Nation) as the chief and leading nuisance of a band of pestiferous cranks. Except for his own small group of followers, most of whom were socially quite humble, everybody who counted—all the educated and cultured and wealthy and refined, all the gentlefolk, in fact—looked upon him as a dangerous fanatic, a confounded radical, and, if the words Anarchist and Bolshevik had been current, he could have had those applied to him as well.

It was different with the other, both as boy and as man. He was born into another kind of family and a different life. He came from a distinguished ancestry; he inherited brains and good looks, and he knew not want, but comfort. At thirteen he entered Harvard College, as they did in those days. A few years later, an amazing young graduate and an attorney with a successful career opening before his ability and opportunities, he was in his spare hours writing editorial articles for the local paper, the Newburyport "Herald"—articles which the other young man, the poor one, had the privilege of setting up in the composing-room. For he had advanced too, and was a skillful printer. The fortunate young man, who was also endowed with ambition and a tremendous capacity for hard work, went from honor to honor, from one distinguished position to another—to the judicial bench, to the Cabinet, to diplomatic posts, where under picturesque circumstances he wrought well for his country. He narrowly missed the Chief Justiceship of the United States, that exalted position beyond even the dreams of the average American lawyer. His voice was for many years a powerful one in the councils of the Nation; all his life he mingled with men of great importance, and his own career was interesting to himself, fascinating to others. He always moved in the best circles.

But—and here comes the point of the story, and the dramatic result which makes it applicable as a lesson—after the deaths of these men their native town let the memory of the brilliant statesman lapse into forgetfulness, while it honors the poor printer and fanatic as its greatest son. A bronze statue of him stands in Newburyport. Artistically, it is true, it is such a monument that the spirit of his great rival might regard it with sardonic satisfaction, and for himself pray rather for complete oblivion. If I had not seen the statue of S. S. Cox in New York, I might have said that it is the worst bronze figure in America; absolute eminence in sculptural atrocity being always reserved for that brooding Union soldier in the cape overcoat who, cut in granite, stands in the little park of so many hundreds of country towns. For, as Massachusetts discovered long before his death, William Lloyd Garrison had chosen the right side in what his State believed was a great moral issue: that of slavery *versus* freedom. And Caleb Cushing not only saw the light dangerously late for his own reputation, but so flirted with and defended secession, so contrived to persuade a majority of his contemporaries of his own moral instability, that his admirers have either been forced into silence or, like his new and able advocate, into a position clearly on the defensive. Garrison was often violent, sometimes absurd, and he was a general "reformer" of a type which would certainly be obnoxious to many people to-day. Cushing was urbane and logical; he was "always the gentleman." But in the rough estimate of politics, and in an estimate not so rough as to be discarded by later historians and biographers, Caleb Cushing was weighed in the balance in those most critical years and found wanting. Some of the deeds and words which reacted most fatally upon himself were no crimes, but they were dreadful blunders, and it is not surprising that they ruined his most glittering chance of preferment and cast a tarnish upon his reputation which even this admirable biography cannot remove.

Seventy years ago, and again, after an eclipse, twenty years later, the name of Caleb Cushing was as eminent in America as that of Elihu Root or Charles E. Hughes is to-day. Who recognizes it now? Only those men and women whose memories go back to the time, say, of the Geneva Arbitration; to these only and to a few close students of American history and politics does his name carry much, if any, meaning. There are, however, others who will read these fascinating volumes because they will find in them memories of the streets which Caleb Cushing once walked, the houses he lived in, the halls in which he addressed his constituents, and the places where those constituents planted cannon for a salute in honor of the home-coming of their hero, their admired leader. And since all these things will be as familiar as their own homes and the gardens and streets where they played, since they will recall the older men and women who knew Cushing, they will look upon Dr. Fuess's work by no means coolly and critically, but warmly and in a sense affectionately. In a small strip of land in the northeast corner of Massachusetts there were born, as Dr. Fuess points out, during a period of only eight years at the beginning of the nineteenth century, Rufus Choate, Caleb Cushing, Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Lloyd Garrison, and John G. Whittier. It is little wonder that men look back to it as to a golden age and land.

Cushing was born in 1800, and died in Newburyport in 1879. Besides his service in Congress, where he was a leader of his party, and his experience as a Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, the most conspicuous events in his career were his appointment as a brigadier-general in the Mexican War, his service in the Cabinet of President Franklin Pierce as Attorney-General, and his nomination by Grant as Chief Justice of the United States. He headed a mission to China in 1843, and successfully negotiated a treaty; he was counsel for this country in the Geneva Arbi-

[1] The Life of Caleb Cushing. By Claude M. Fuess. 2 vols. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $10.

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CALEB CUSHING

tration with England in 1872; and afterwards, in his old age, he was highly successful as Minister to Spain.

His papers and correspondence have long been locked up, and it will come as a surprise that a biography of him has been prepared. Dr. Claude M. Fuess, whose work deserves very high praise indeed, is connected by marriage, so "Who's Who" informs me, with the Cushing family—a fact which is interesting to the reader of the book, both because it shows that he has worked from original and authentic documents and because it placed him from the start in a friendly position to his subject. That is the proper attitude for a biographer; the life of a man written by his enemy is of little worth; while the neutral or coldly judicial biography, however it may be admired as an abstract ideal, has seldom achieved much success. Dr. Fuess declares that he has done nothing in the way of expurgation or omission of facts not creditable to Cushing, and it is apparent that he has kept to his word. Where the matter is merely personal slander from political enemies, Cushing's biographer meets it and disposes of it as it deserves. Where it is the attack of some political contemporary, vigorous but not to be classed with mere slander (such as Senator Benton's comments, held sufficiently important to be quoted by Von Holst and Rhodes), the reader demands no explanation for such things. Caleb Cushing was in the rough and tumble of politics for years, giving blows and taking them, and all politicians are subject to attack. But when, at the close of his book, the author tries to answer the question, "Why did he make so many enemies?" here, as the sailor-men of Newburyport might have said, Dr. Fuess is plainly making heavy weather.

The mere abuse and slander of Caleb Cushing falls naturally away. But the deep distrust with which he was regarded from the early years of his political career remains, and it is found to-day in almost every comment upon him which exists. James Ford Rhodes wrote: "It cannot be denied that he lacked moral sense. Admired by everybody for his learning and ability, he was trusted by few. . . . Other men have changed their politics, yet have retained their reputation for sincerity."[1] When we find such opinions reiterated not only by Edward M. Shepard in his Life of Martin Van Buren, but by Lindsay Swift in his biography of Garrison and by Senator Hoar in his autobiography, it will not do to put these things down as the utterances of political enemies or rivals, for one was a Democrat, one an independent, and one a Republican. Nor is Dr. Fuess's explanation on the grounds of personal coldness and lack of the arts of popularity sufficient. General Robert E. Lee, one of the most venerated of Americans, North and South, had none of the arts of popularity.

Cushing had the stupendous ill fortune to be opposed by a literary man of genius, and to be immortalized in what is perhaps the most stinging bit of political satire ever written on this continent—a stanza in Lowell's "The Biglow Papers:"

> Gineral C. is a dreffle smart man:
> He's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
> But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
> He's ben true to *one* party, an' thet is himself.

He began as an opponent of slavery in the abstract, and for many years valiantly worked with John Quincy Adams in presenting anti-slavery petitions in Congress. This was the more to his credit, since he disagreed with the abolitionists. But gradually something led him into the forlorn position of "a Northern man with Southern principles;" his opponents may say that he was self-seeking, but perhaps it was his coldly logical mind, which would follow a legal abstraction although it led him to the devil. He became immensely unpopular in Massachusetts, while he was received with ecstatic cheers in South Carolina. He appeared in the campaign of 1860, in the words of Dr. Fuess, "as the potential defender of secession." And again, "He was with the South to the verge of rebellion—but not beyond it."

Well, that was too near. The man who went so far could have little complaint if neither Massachusetts nor the United States intrusted him with office again. When the Civil War broke out, and he offered his services to the Governor of Massachusetts, Governor Andrew declined, in a letter which it is now the fashion to denounce as "curt," "unjust and cruel." Dr. Fuess quotes the letter, and to me it seems to have none of these characteristics. After enumerating Cushing's great qualities and expressing his regret in language both deliberate and courteous, Andrew ends with these words: "I am compelled sadly to declare that, were I to accept your offer, I should dishearten good and loyal men, and tend to demoralize our military service. How gladly I would have made another reply to your note of the 25th inst., which I had the honor to receive yesterday, I need not declare, nor attempt to express the painful reluctance with which this is written." This may have been a mistake in policy; it may be true that it would have been better to take Cushing than Ben Butler; but if this letter was "curt," what would have satisfied Cushing's admirers?

A few months before, this Massachusetts statesman had presented his native Commonwealth with the spec-

[1] History of the United States, vol. i, p. 392.

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THE APACHE TRAIL OF ARIZONA

BY JAMES S. ANDERSON

Photographs copyrighted by McCulloch Brothers, Phœnix, Ariz.

THAT the slogan "See America First" has effectually supplanted the old, adulatory exhortation to "See Paris, then die," is evidenced by the fact that during the summer season just closed California was crowded with tourists almost to the point of saturation and the railroads were called upon to carry a greater volume of passenger traffic than during the great Exposition year. And why should this not be? Marshal Foch declared in a speech at Warsaw that "Southern California is the Riviera—only greater!" And Americans are increasingly discovering the same thing.

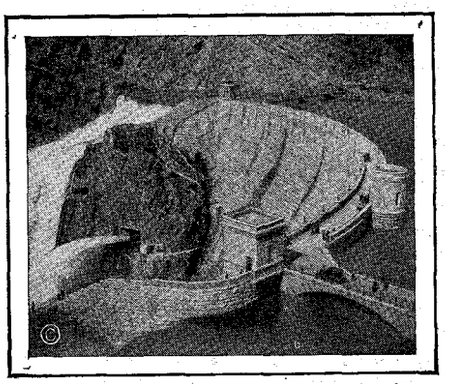
To those, then, that are planning to visit this year-round garden spot I would take the liberty of pointing out an incidental feature of the transcontinental trip that to miss the opportunity of seeing would be to deprive oneself of an unforgettable pleasure.

Contrary to common belief, the State of Arizona is not a vast desert waste. It is rich in mountain scenery. And clear through its most stupendous and colorful ranges runs the Apache Trail—stretching over 120 miles between Globe and Phœnix. In the dark backward and abysm of time this region was inhabited by a race of pygmies that dwelt in homes hung like swallows' nests in the niches of canyon walls. Their actual history is shrouded in an impenetrable veil of mystery.

Following them came the Toltecs; then the bright armored band of Coronado seeking, as long ago as 1540, the fabled treasures of the seven cities of Çibola. After them came the Friars, who plodded these mountains and valleys afoot, protected only by their faith. And against all these were arrayed the fiercest of Indian tribesmen, the Tonto Apaches and their kindred, to whom for years this ancient way belonged by right of might.

Strangely enough it was a strictly utilitarian project that led to the transformation of this erstwhile inaccessible trail into an avenue for the delectation of the pursuers of pleasure. Roosevelt Dam, erected to impound the waters of Salt River, Tonto Creek and innumerable mountain springs, made imperative a serviceable road through the mountains over which to transport the necessary machinery, building materials, and supplies, and it was the Apache Trail that blazed the path the road should take. Roosevelt Lake, a mirror-bright body of water thirty miles long and four miles wide, was brought into being by the erection of the Dam.

Leaving Globe, the eastern end of the



Roosevelt Dam, with its rush of white water, is impressive

Trail, in the morning, the interest is instantly aroused. Great copper mines and smelters are passed along the road. A few miles beyond, from an elevation of nearly 4,000 feet, the great mining town of Miami is seen three miles to the south.

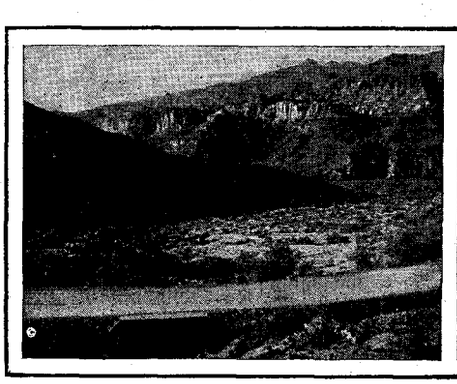
Up through canyons, tortuous and high-walled, over steep summit ridges and along the verges of precipices, the throbbing motor car wends its way. Gaunt buttes and mighty mesas, weird gardens of variformed cactus, deformed hills as strange as those of the moon, the abandoned prehistoric cliff dwellings, the waters of Roosevelt Lake and the rock-walled canyon through which surges a great river, the Roosevelt Dam itself, and the flourishing farms and orchards of the irrigated valley of the Salt River—all are passed in review.

On a promontory just north of Roosevelt Dam is Apache Lodge, a comfortable mountain resort for those who desire to break the journey at this attractive spot and remain overnight or longer. Rowboats and motorboats are available here for boating and fishing, and the surrounding hills abound in trails that will charm the devotee of horseback riding or hiking.

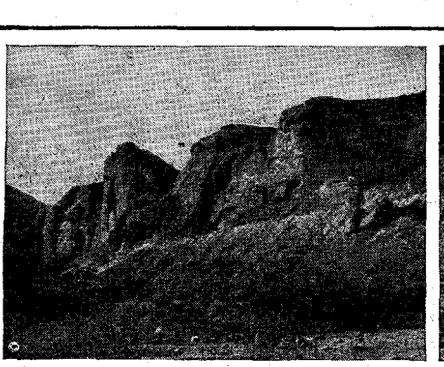
But the most stupendous scenic effects and thrills are encountered west of the Dam. Descending into Fish Creek Canyon, the road turns sharply into the rugged gorge, the Walls of Bronze rising 2,000 feet above the rushing stream. The steep ascent of Fish Creek Hill to Lookout Point is the climax of the trip, presenting a panorama that is startling! Resort must be had to the language of fancy to convey even a suggestion of the splendor of the varied hues that mark every twist and turn in these canyons: Nature, in seeming apology for the terrestrial upheaval that created these granite piles, bathed them in a storm of opalescent dust, baked the coloring in with the suns of ages, and left a mass of painted rock that should compel the oncoming generations of men to gasp in palpitating ecstasy at the magnificent spectacle!

Ever changing scenes mark the continually winding descent from the summit, and, as early evening approaches, the car emerges through the foothills, passing weird Superstition Mountain—the last outpost of the hill country. And beyond, across the irrigated farms and orchards of Salt River Valley and the prosperous valley towns of Mesa and Tempe, lies the beautiful, park-like city of Phœnix, only an overnight run from the Pacific coast.

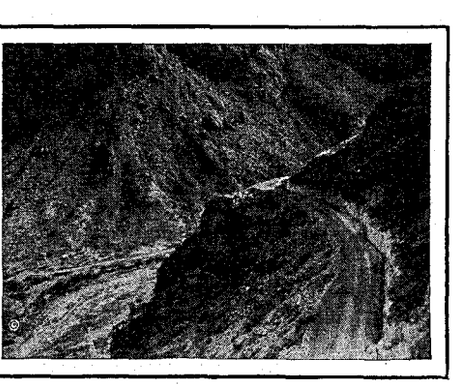
The Apache Trail is easily reached. The Southern Pacific Lines operate through sleeping-cars between New Orleans and Globe via Bowie and between Phœnix and Los Angeles via Maricopa in order that transcontinental travelers may avail themselves of this delightful automobile detour. An extra charge of $20.00 is made, which includes the railroad branch lines and automobile fares. They have issued a very attractive and informative booklet on the Apache Trail and you are invited to address a request for a copy of it or an inquiry for further information regarding the transportation facilities and schedules to their offices at 165 Broadway, New York; Pan-American Bank Building, New Orleans; Southern Pacific Building, Houston; Score Building, Tucson; or Southern Pacific Building, San Francisco.



Between Roosevelt and Fish Creek—the famous "Four Peaks" range in distance



At Fish Creek Hill there is the "Mountain of a Hundred Faces"



The Apache Trail literally clings to the sides of mountains in places. A view from Fish Creek Hill

[Advertisement]

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THE BOOK TABLE (*Continued*)

tacle of himself presiding over the convention of the Southern Democrats, in his blue coat and brass buttons, and acclaimed by a crowd of "yelling Southerners." He was the hero and idol of all the fire-eaters, though no fire-eater himself. We can look at these things coolly now, but can we be surprised if Andrew declined to commission him either to lead troops or to sit in council? The parallel is not complete, no parallel ever is, but if an American citizen had landed here in spiked helmet and uniform of the German army, say in March, 1917, just after service against Belgium, France, and England, and had asked for a commission in the United States Army, what would have been the natural reply?

During the war Cushing certainly made what effort he could to show his loyalty; he voted for Lincoln in 1864, and both times for Grant. The Nation did intrust him with office again, and well he served it, never better than at Geneva. But when President Grant sent his name to the Senate as Chief Justice,[1] there befell Caleb Cushing the greatest humiliation of all. An enemy found a letter written by him in March, 1861 (between secession and Fort Sumter), to his old friend, Jefferson Davis, recommending a man for service under the Confederate States. As yet there was no war; this was not treason, nor even upon the verge of treason. But for a master of punctilio and form it was one of the strangest lapses from taste, and from more than mere taste. It was a formal letter enough, but it was a mistake which many a man of less intellect, but more heart, would never have fallen into. In the language of his enemies, it "cooked his goose" so far as the Chief Justiceship was concerned. The Massachusetts Senators, Sumner and Boutwell, both Republicans, were prepared to vote for his confirmation, but the President had written to withdraw his name even before Cushing requested him to do so.

Dr. Fuess says that it was the most conspicuous case in our history of a rejection for high office on purely "partisan" grounds—a statement open to criticism from every aspect. But it was almost the final important event, as it was certainly one of the most dramatic happenings, in Cushing's career. Thanks to this book, and without accepting all of its valiant apologies for a man who was under perpetual attack, we can certainly look more kindly upon Caleb Cushing. We can neglect the fact that he worked himself into a lonely and unfortunate position in politics, and dwell a little upon his vigorous defense of his coun-

[1] As from Virginia. Cushing had temporarily transferred his citizenship.

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What is success, after all, but the ability to travel straight to a destination? The man who owns the Five-Foot Shelf of Books, and uses it, is on a limited train bound straight for a definite goal. But the man who reads without a plan, choosing newspapers, novels and reference books at random—he is in the pathetic position of a would-be long-distance traveller who boards a merry-go-round!

Why treat your mind like a merry-go-round?

A HARD-WORKING merry-go-round travels as far in a year as a transcontinental express. But it gets nowhere.

Most men and women treat their minds like merry-go-rounds. They read enough, goodness knows, but at the end of the year they have learned nothing, made no mental growth, arrived nowhere.

Said Hamilton Wright Mabie:

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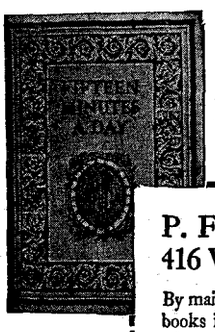

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CHANGELINGS. By Donn Byrne. The Century Company, New York. $2.

We like Byrne's Irish tale "The Wind Bloweth" best of his three books because of its glowing imaginative vigor. Yet these short stories also take hold of one with power—particularly the one that gives title to the book, in form a fantastic travesty of a criminal trial, in essence a moving drama of a New York "straight cop" and a passional murderess stranded together on an otherwise uninhabited island. There is justification for the publisher's description of the author as "a poet writing in prose-forms, a romanticist without inhibitions, a gorgeous stylist unafraid."

MIDDLE PASSAGE (THE). By Daniel Chase. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

A well-written and tense tale of Salem in the old shipping days when clippers and whalers were still extant and Nathaniel Hawthorne was customs officer. The social life of the "Town of Old Men," as one character calls Salem, is put in contrast with a plot of sea adventure and murderous villainy that is somewhat of the Jack London order, while the love affairs of two charming girls are deftly interwoven with the plot. The book deals with elemental passions in a strong way. Humor is for the most part lacking, but the tragic incidents are the just and inevitable outcome of unscrupulous ambition.

SCIENCE

CIVILIZATION AND THE MICROBE. By Arthur Isaac Kendall. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $2.50.

An attempt to tell in simple language the story of the many kinds of microbes that help and hinder man. While often vague and cryptic, with themes developed out of logical sequence, it is full of information about such things as bacteria in sewage disposal, disease, cheese-making, and human mummifying. It will be of interest to readers who already know something about bacteriology—in fact, it was written to supplement a high school pupil's course in bacteria—but is in no sense a text-book.

POETRY

ANCIENT BEAUTIFUL THINGS (THE). By Fannie Stearns Davis. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.

This is a thin book of delicately made lyrics on intimate themes, often domestic. The poems are not ambitious, but are largely the expression of joy arising from simple things, and of

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THE BOOK TABLE *(Continued)*

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Never forget that there is no such thing as "standing still." Either you go forward or you drop back.

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Too many people are mentally lopsided, knowing just the one thing, or taking interest in only one thing. Of all living creatures they are the most deadly. I have seen eminent scholars who were the dullest of talkers; successful business men who knew nothing of literature, art, or music; people of achievement sitting tongue-tied in a crowd while some fool held the floor; masters of industry ignorant of every social value; workers whose lives were drab because they did not know how to put color in them, and I have heard men and women of real intelligence forced to rely on anecdotes to keep up a conversation.

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It is this unsuspecting Self that occasionally rises uppermost in some crisis of life and makes you go in and win. And then you say, wonderingly: "How strange! I didn't think I had it in me."

Let that Self be always uppermost! Resolve to be always the man you *ought to be!*

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Search through all the muddle and chaos of wrong thinking, of doubt and self-distrust, and find those fine qualities, those powerful potentialities, all of those slumbering talents which every one of us possesses.

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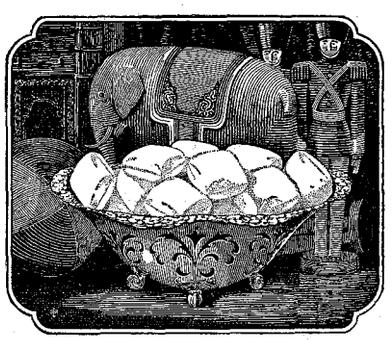
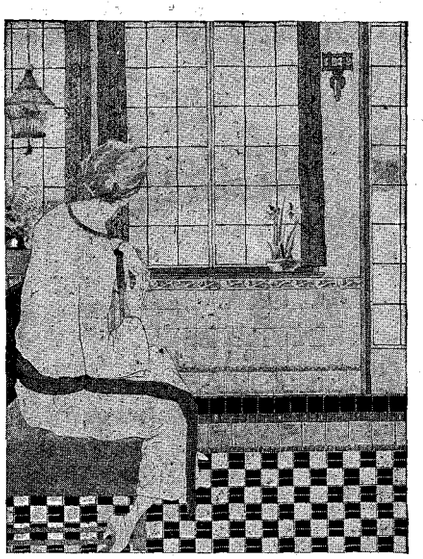
U-All-No After Dinner Mints are just the thing for youngsters at such a time—far better for them than heavy sweets. Keep these delicate creamy mints on hand for the children. The delicious flavor lasts because they are packed in airtight tin containers.

Two sizes—ten and twenty-five cents. If your dealer hasn't them, send to us direct. Address Dept. F, Manufacturing Co. of America, Philadelphia, U. S. A.



·U-ALL-NO·
·AFTER DINNER MINT·



Beautiful TILES

Tiles are expressive. Ideas of pattern, color scheme and general effect may be worked out to perfection when they are used.

Here is a floor and wall material that has no limitations in decorative treatment.

Add to the artistic value of Tiles the element of permanence—the absence of replacement and repair cost—the ease with which the material is kept in its original condition—and Tiles prove themselves highly practical while possessing unequaled beauty.

Consult your architect and dealer about Tiles, or write to

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Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis Coughs, Influenza

A household remedy avoiding drugs. Cresolene is vaporized at the bedside during the night. It has become in the past forty years the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

When children complain of sore throat or cough, use at once.

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Est. 1879

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BY THE WAY

"WHY do the papers, including The Outlook, spell the name of the famous shoals 'Muscle' instead of 'Mussel' Shoals? My thought is that the name was changed ignorantly by some one who did not know what a mussel was and that others followed like sheep." So writes a subscriber.

This reminds us of the story of the man in the hotel writing-room who looked up and asked, "How do you spell the word that means the people that sing in a church—it's q-u-i-r-e, isn't it?" "No, no," comes a chorus; "that refers to writing-paper. The singers are c-h-o-i-r." "Nonsense!" says the first speaker; "it's 'quire,' I tell you." "Bet you five it isn't." "You're on." So they look the word up in the dictionary, and sure enough find "quire" given as a legitimate word for a church chorus. So "muscle" is given in the dictionaries as a legitimate spelling of the word that denotes the shellfish. It probably was adopted by the early map-makers as the preferable form. "Muscle Shoals" is the official spelling of the United States Post Office, and that spelling is used by Lippincott's "Gazetteer" and other authorities.

An American lady whose husband was a millionaire, Sir Henry Lucy says in "The Diary of a Journalist," saw a vase for sale priced £1,500. She wrote to her husband in Chicago, giving a glowing account of the treasure and asking him to telegraph if he were prepared to pay so much.

Back came the reply, "No price too high."

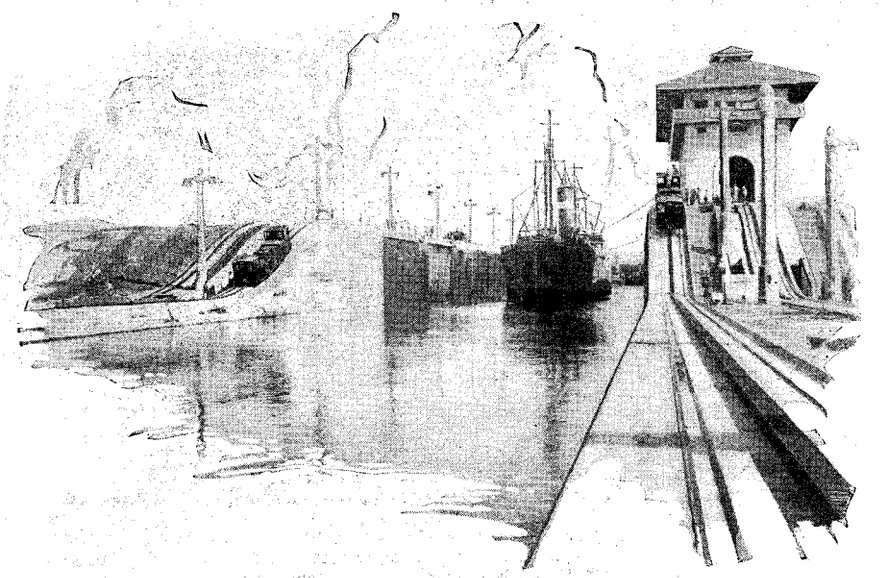
Jubilantly repairing to the auction room, she became the proud possessor of the vase. She afterwards learned that what her husband had telegraphed was, "No; price too high."

There is always a "newest wrinkle" in real estate. Here are two advertisements showing some new fashions in houses:

> Every modern and new improvement and convenience known to apartment house builders in our new apartments: electric dish-washers, refrigerators, radio connections in each apartment. Phone ——, Montclair.
>
> Boarders Wanted in Recreation Home.—Physician owning home; each room has a tone color; people lose their key-note and become unbalanced. Phone ——, New York City.

Automobiles with the power applied to the front wheels are not altogether new, but a new application of the idea has recently been tested in England. "Motor" says of it:

> It is, of course, on wet, greasy days and on smooth asphalt roads that the front-wheel-driven car should be seen at its best. It will be recalled that



Eight thousand miles saved on every trip

It used to be 13,307 miles from New York to San Francisco by sea; it is now only 5,262.

The Panama Canal, which seemed such a heavy expense when it was built, is an immense national economy.

A greater economy because of the 1,500 General Electric motors which do its work—pulling the ships through, pumping water, opening and closing the locks—all at such a little cost.

To lighten human labor, shorten distance, and save money—these are the services of electricity. General Electric Company makes much of the apparatus by which electricity works, and stamps it with the monogram shown above.

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Egypt *and the* Mediterranean

Treasures beyond price from the tomb of King Tutankhamen. Color and beauty beyond description in the glamorous cities of the Mediterranean. A world of impressions. All on our voyage deluxe arranged to include Egypt, Spain, Italy, Monte Carlo.

White Star liner *Adriatic*—January 5 and February 23.

Red Star liner *Lapland*—January 16 and March 5.

West Indies

Age-old romance surrounds the cities of the West Indies. Beauty ever new, is their heritage today. See Havana, Hayti, Cartagena, Jamaica—see the Panama Canal—see the West Indies on a cruise of twenty-nine restful days.

The White Star liner *Megantic*—specially constructed for cruising—January 23 and February 26.

For complete itineraries and detailed information, inquire at No. 1 Broadway, New York, or any authorized steamship agent.

All Sailings from New York

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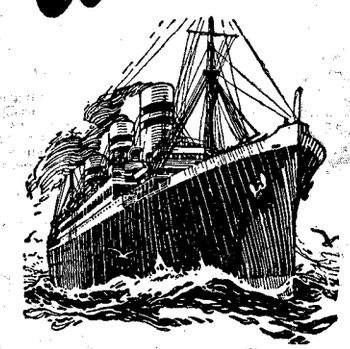

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The Splendid one class cabin ships, *CLEVELAND, MOUNT CLAY, HANSA, THURINGIA* and *WESTPHALIA* offer equally comfortable, though less elaborate, accommodations at moderate rates.

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some years ago Dr. Hele-Shaw carried out some instructive experiments with electrically propelled lorries driving respectively on the front and rear axles. They were tested for braking power and maneuverability in a large garage having a concrete floor made excessively slippery by the application of soft soap. While the rear-driven cars proved utterly uncontrollable, it was possible, even at moderately high speeds, to do more or less as one liked with the vehicle driving on the front wheels. This should prove conclusively that the front-wheel-drive touring car can be expected to remain under control on the worst surfaces, even when handled by a novice.

"Motor" prints pictures of the new car climbing over a twelve-inch beam and negotiating a heap of cinders without difficulty, with the observation that "a drawn vehicle is more under control than one that is pushed."

From the "Argonaut:"

The reporter was interviewing the distinguished Japanese visitor with the aid of an interpreter. "Ask him what he thinks of the Americans," said the reporter to the interpreter. The interpreter asked the question, and the distinguished visitor made a reply. "He says," the interpreter translated, "that the Americans are the greatest people he has seen in his travels. Indeed, he declares, they may well be called 'the Japanese of the West.'"

From the New York "Sun:"

Knicker—"So the Newriches are getting culture?" Bocker—"Yes, they have learned to speak of a house beautiful instead of a beautiful house."

Specimens of the large lizards, or marine iguanas, of the Galapagos Islands have recently been brought to the New York Zoo. These reptiles have remarkable powers of self-conservation. An article in the "Zoological Society Bulletin" states that after one hundred days of complete abstinence from food the iguanas captured for the Zoo appeared as active and as strong as when first taken from among their native lava. No variety of seaweed or terrestrial vegetable tempted them to break their fast.

From the New York "Herald"—an example of "the conversational lead" in reporting an exhibition:

"How's your loud speaker?"

"She's fine, thanks—oh, I thought you meant my wife! She buzzes and squeaks too much."

"Your wife?"

"No—my loud speaker."

This is not a vaudeville gag. It's just a bit of conversation picked up yesterday at the American Radio Exposition on the fourth floor of the Grand Central Palace.

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